

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 158—VOL VII.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

## WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

THE celebrated historian, whose portrait we engrave from a photograph recently taken in Boston, is a native of Pepperell, Mass., where he was born on the 4th of May, 1796. His father, William Prescott, was long distinguished as one of the foremost lawyers in New England, and was a son of the gallant officer who commanded the American troops at Bunker Hill. The family of Mr. Prescott was removed to Boston in 1808, when his youthful son became a student under the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, whose memory is still preserved in Boston as a profound and successful classical teacher. In his sixteenth year Mr. Prescott entered the Sophomore class at Harvard College, and graduated with honor in 1814. It was the intention of Mr. Prescott to follow his father in the legal profession, and the studies of his collegiate career had been mainly influenced by this aspiration, but an accident which occurred as he was on the point of leaving Harvard occasioned a total change in his hopes and plans. A blow accidentally inflicted by a fellow-student deprived him of the sight of one eye, and the other speedily became weakened by the double duty which it was thenceforward compelled to perform. Losing, in this manner, the use of the most indispensable of senses, Mr. Prescott was compelled to forego the unremitting application without which eminence in the law cannot be obtained, and found himself excluded from other professions by the same disability. Under these circumstances—prompted, doubtless, by that natural inclination which has, in the sequel, acquired so much fame for himself and for his country—Mr. Prescott, after two years' travel in Europe, and fruitless consultation of the most eminent oculists, determined to devote himself to investigation and study, with the intention of taking his place among the historical writers of the age. With this deliberate resolution before him, Mr. Prescott trained himself for the task as he would have trained himself for the profession of his earliest choice, and ten years were devoted to the mere preparatory studies—to the formation of a groundwork for future labors—during which period the literatures of

England, France, Italy and Spain were thoroughly reviewed. The deficiencies in Mr. Prescott's eyesight were partially made good by the industry and perspicacity of his secretary and reader, and by the year 1828 the persevering student felt that his accumulated stores of knowledge justified the selection of a definite subject for elaboration. The records of the golden age of the Spanish monarchy had long been Mr. Prescott's favorite study, and they presented the advantage, furthermore, of having re-

mained comparatively untouched. In the selection of a subject sufficiently important to merit the labor of the historian and the attention of the public, recent enough to be clothed with interest, yet not too modern to be treated in a trustworthy manner, comprehensive yet compact, and accessible without being familiar, it is not strange that the historian's eye should first have rested on that great epoch in the world's advance when Spain became a united nation, and her coming greatness was shadowed forth.

For another period of ten years the labors of Mr. Prescott were devoted to an investigation of the eventful reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the course of which the archives of Europe were ransacked in his behalf. The completed history was published in 1838, when the author had reached his forty-second year. It appeared simultaneously in London and Boston. The success of "Ferdinand and Isabella" was never doubtful, and its excellence was attested by almost immediate translation into the three principal continental languages.

Scarcely had the last proof-sheets of his first work finally passed from his hands when Mr. Prescott's pen was again employed, and this time upon the "Conquest of Mexico." This work appeared in 1843, and was followed in 1847 by the "Conquest of Peru," both of which works were received with general applause.

This is scarcely the opportunity for a critical exposition of the genius of Mr. Prescott's works, or of the author's style; both, besides, are too well known to require allusion from ourselves; but we may dwell for a moment upon some of the elements in that success which has been so marked and so unvarying. Mr. Prescott, endowed by nature with that primary requisite in one who aims at excellence—a strong constitution—was also fitted out with powers of gigantic industry. The products of his intellect, moreover, show that his early inclination towards the law was not unaccompanied by those qualities which are usually considered concomitant to legal eminence. Great clearness of mental vision, a strong memory, capability of viewing a subject in all its breadth, calmness of judgment yet quickness of decision—all these attributes are apparently



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.



component parts of the historian's mental constitution; and all of them must enter into the character of a successful advocate. Indeed, although in some respects the two professions demand qualifications differing widely in their kind, in others there is a striking analogy between the two. In either case a certain subject with definite limits, yet ramifying extensively within those bounds, is to be grasped in all its bearings—evidence is to be collected, weighed and analyzed—the true and material is to be recognized and separated from what is false or irrelevant, and a statement is to be prepared. In this statement, however, the task of the historian ceases to be identical with that of the jurist. "Historia," says Quintilian, "scribitur ad narrandum, non ad probandum"—it is not the historian's duty to labor for the inculcation of one set of ideas, to stamp with the mark of his favor one class of men or one side of a question, but to lay before the world a report of proceedings, the manner of which shall influence no judgment. The advocate, on the contrary, if not a partisan, is nothing; he is to manipulate his facts into their most favorable light, and to bring all his energies to the task of convincing, not of conveying information or instruction. Few historians—indeed, the number may be counted on the fingers—have been able to avoid transgression of the line which separates them from the province of the advocate; but brilliant, immortal as their productions may be, there can be no question that their value is greatly impaired by the presence of a controversial tone. Mr. Prescott is singularly exempt from this general failing; his works, indeed, are cited as models of impartiality; the theories he may entertain on any subject are never suffered to interfere with the even flow of his narrative, or the rigid veracity of his detail; nor is there in any of his works a favorite "hero" to be bolstered up at the expense of the surrounding and perhaps equally meritorious crowd. The calmness expressed in the historian's features is duplicated in his judgment no less than in his style.

Few of the thousands who have been enlightened by the clear and unrhethorical eloquence of Mr. Prescott can form a conception of the preliminary mental labor which was performed in silence. The steady worker, endowed with every usual faculty, might well be appalled at a consideration of the material existing, confused and unprinted, to be arranged and digested before a single line could be written. Thousands of voluminous documents in the royal archives of Spain—almost untouched since they were tied up and docketed three hundred years ago—must be examined and deciphered line by line; for the history of the periods successively approached by Mr. Prescott, though richer, perhaps, than any others, in documentary material, rested hitherto merely on the affirmation of half a dozen untrustworthy contemporary chroniclers, or on the groping narratives of men who had been denied access to the storehouses now thrown open. Yet this labor was deliberately commenced and steadfastly persevered in by one who could not even avail himself directly of the privilege of examination, but depended on the eyesight of others and his own memory only for the new and precious knowledge. Under such circumstances three famous histories have been written, and a fourth commenced.

"The History of the Reign of Philip II."—that marvellous and portentous epoch in which the birth of a new era for Christendom and the world was confusedly involved with the death struggles of the old—has engaged Mr. Prescott's attention for the last eight or nine years, and two volumes of the *magnum opus* have already been placed before the public, while a third appears, we believe, during the present week. This volume comprises the picturesque and sanguinary scenes of the Morisco Rebellion, and the great struggle between the Ottoman power and the Holy League, which was decided at the battle of Lepanto; beside a view of the court, policy, and personal habits of El Prudente, thus making the volume, in one sense, complete in itself. Two, or perhaps three more volumes will complete this great history—the boldest and most comprehensive literary undertaking of which the United States can boast. In its preparation Mr. Prescott has been aided by his secretary, Mr. John Foster Kirk, to whose talents and devotion he pays a deserved tribute in the introduction to his history, and whose unusual acquirements must render his services of extreme value to the historian.

#### HUSH!

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,  
"For my heart beats loud and fast,  
But surely, in the far, far distance  
I can hear a sound at last."  
"It is only the reapers singing,  
As they carry home their sheaves;  
And the evening breeze has risen,  
And rustles the dying leaves."  
"Listen! there are voices talking."  
Calmly still she strove to speak,  
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,  
And the red flushed in her cheek.  
"It is only the children playing  
Below, now their work is done,  
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled  
By the rays of the setting sun."  
Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,  
As with anxious eyes she cried,  
"Down the avenue of chestnuts  
I can hear a hor-eman ride."  
"It was only the deer that were feeding  
In a herd on the clover grass,  
They were startled, and fled to the thicket  
As they saw the reapers pass."  
Now the night arose in silence,  
Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
And the deer couched in the forest,  
And the children were at rest;  
There was only a sound of weeping  
From watchers around a bed,  
But rest to the weary spirit,  
Peace to the quiet dead!

#### DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

**Departure of General Pez.**—The gallant General having so far recovered from the injuries he received by the fall of his horse at the parade on Evacuation Day, sailed on Thursday, the 2d inst., for Venezuela. A large detachment of the city military formed an escort, and assembled in front of the Astor Place Hotel about noon. General Pez was brought down from his room and placed on a litter in a parlor on the ground floor, where he was waited on by Mayor Tiemann, General Sanford, and many other prominent individuals. The General was conveyed down Broadway in the litter, which was hung with Venezuelan, Bolivian and United States flags, and was carried by a detachment of the troops. A steamer laying at the foot of Amos street conveyed the General and his suite to the Atlanta, which sailed about three P. M. The General will land at Cumana, whence he sailed in 1850 on going into exile, and where he vowed to land if ever he returned to his country. The voyage will occupy some ten or twelve days.

**A Decided Novelty.**—The Portland *Advertiser* speaks of a member of a church at Lock's Mills that ten days ago watched the remains of a departed friend, and during the night stole the dead man's coat, vest and hat, and wore them off. The wife of the deceased, a few nights after, dreamed that the man who sat up with the corpse had taken them, and that on being accused of the theft said he purchased the articles of another person. On Sunday, the coat and hat were worn to church, and the sacrament partaken of by the wearer, who proved to be the thief, after denying it and saying that he purchased them of others; being the individual who watched on the night they were stolen.

**A Calumny Answered.**—The story going the rounds that Senator Pearce, of Maryland, had won a large sum of money in a gambling-house in Washington is ridiculously false. All who are intimate with Senator Pearce know that he does not play cards at all; and we assure upon authority that he never played at any game in any gambling house in his life, either at Washington or elsewhere. The said habits of the Senator are too well known to the people of that State to require for them any explanation of such an absurd slander; and we make this notice simply to enable such journals as have given circulation to the slander to do themselves justice by its contradiction.

**California Theatricals.**—Among the artists of distinction who are

likely to visit California during the coming winter and spring is Madame Cora de Wilhorst, the youthful and beautiful prima donna, whose first appearance at the Academy of Music, in New York, two years ago, created a sensation only paralleled by that of Malibran's debut in America. Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson will be here in March or April next. Mr. George Loder's new English Opera troupe from London, with Lucy Escott and George Squires as principals, may be looked for in the course of two months. We also learn that the manager of the opera has made arrangements to obtain several additions to his dramatic company from the East. Young Devoyport—commonly known as "Dolly"—a light comedian, ranking among the best; and Miss Josephine Malmers, so popular at Laura Keane's two years ago, are among the number of those under engagement to Mr. Maguire. The operatic and dramatic season in San Francisco certainly promises to be a very interesting one.

**An American Dead-end.**—A Pittsburg paper announces, with commendable shuddering, that a beautiful girl, Miss Louisa Story, of Ripon, married the other day a negro, black as the ace of spades or the father of evil. It was truly an affair of the heart, that is to say an elopement, and unknown to the girl's parents. The abreaction of the unfortunate family is furious, and swears that it is all through reading the *Tribune*.

**Death to Crinoline.**—An exchange says: "Two young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents, in company with their governess, were proceeding along the Prince's Park, New Road, when a young man, said only to be connected, came up to them, and after a few incoherent observations in reference to their crinolines, asked the ladies' petticoats, cut through their underclothes and a handsome netted crinoline, tearing the latter habiliment completely off. He then ran away, but was afterwards taken into custody, and lodged in Bridewell. It appears that the man labors under a monomania, or a sort of vindictive feeling against crinolines."

This man ought to be deprived of the society of crinolines for ever. How much better to do as Francois Ravel did the other day in Broadway: not able to pass on account of the ample dimensions of the two fair creatures who monopolized the path, he sprang over, and turning a somersault before the lovely ladies of dry goods, bowed as he does when he abasquates with M. Delachalumeau's chaps.

**Priestly Villainy.**—The Virginia papers are full of the Downey murder; it is a remarkable proof of how often men fall from the mere suppression of feelings. The priest Downey, who murdered a man at Staunton, Va., because he refused to marry a woman who had been seduced by Downey, has been convicted of murder in the first degree. The prisoner was permitted to take a walk to the Roman Catholic church a few days ago—of which he was formerly minister—accompanied by his attentive friends and jailor, for the purpose of getting a bag of coin, containing several hundred dollars, which he had secreted underneath the stone steps leading into the sanctuary.

**Filibusterism.**—The filibuster chiefs show little judgment in their absurd appearance of persistence in their invasion of Nicaragua while the British and French fleets are there. One would really think they were playing into the hands of Napier and Sarrigues. The New Orleans papers of the 20th inst. contain an advertisement which indicates that another Nicaraguan emigration movement is on foot in that city. Persons who are desirous of joining a company bound to Nicaragua are directed to a certain place, at a certain time, though no directions are given as to whom application is to be made. Meanwhile the company of "emigrants" at Mobile are still detained, and it is believed that they will not be allowed to depart in any event.

**A Wicked Clemency.**—The pardoning power is so much abused that it ought to be taken out of the hands of the Governor and placed in that of the Judges. Governor King has just given a great encouragement to criminals by pardoning a brutal emigrant named Jackson, who was sentenced a year ago to imprisonment for a most wicked and deliberate outrage upon a poor Irish girl, only just arrived here. The day after Governor King pardoned Jackson, a respectable seamstress was carried off in the midst of an open thoroughfare by four young ruffians, taken into a stable and there brutally outraged. So much for Governor King's justice. The New York Times very properly rebukes such wicked Kings. They are of the royal breed truly.

**The Slave Trade Sustained.**—In the case of the crew of the slave brig Putnam, or Echo, which was captured by the United States brig Dolphin and sent to Charleston, the grand jury at Columbia, S.C., reported that they had found no bill of indictment against the prisoners. A motion for their discharge from custody will be made, when the constitutionality of the law declaring the slave trade piracy, and other important questions bearing upon the subject, will be discussed by the South Carolina lawyers.

**A Disgraceful State of Affairs.**—The appropriation for the payment of the police for this year has been paid out, and the officers have been notified that they need expect no money from the city treasury until next February. This is not a very pleasant winter prospect for the policemen.

**Pugilistic Courtship.**—Either the *Albion* or *Clipper*, some weeks since, made some remarks upon a mortal in which we condemned the brutality of the pugilists. It stated that pugilism led to fair play. We commend to the editor's attention the following extract from a letter written by Australian Kelly:

"There is another prize fight under way. Joe Coburn and Australian Kelly deposited each \$50 last week as the first instalment of \$250, to be fought for in Florida in four months from date of deposit. This is not to be a fighting 'for love' affair. Joe and Kelly had scarcely covered the \$50, when the former would have a 'rough and tumble' with the latter. Joe, not to be put off, went at it in a bar-room with all the ferocity of a bull dog, and with nothing less than its brutality. Kelly, refusing to permit his name to be used by Joe to draw to his exhibition, alludes to this bar-room 'tumble,' and presents to the public another phase of the pugilistic career, enough to sicken all the young bankers and clerks who have recently flocked in a stock of boxing-gloves. Kelly says: 'I must certainly decline attending on this occasion. The cowardly and brutal attack made upon me last week by the ruffian Coburn and his equally respectable associate, Frank McIntyre, a policeman of the twenty-first precinct—Coburn biting my cheek and gouging my eye when down, and his companion kicking me on the head—this, a sufficient reason for my not being present, especially as I never authorized him to use my name.'"

Morrissey is about paying a visit to England. He will find himself at home there if he fights fair; but if he tries any gouging or kicking he will find himself in Newgate. While we are on this disgusting theme, we may as well add that Deck, of Ohio, has challenged Tom Hyer to a game of fisticuffs. Deck is an American by birth, has never fought but once, and then he came off with flying colors.

**The Burns Club.**—This well-known gathering, admirers of Scotland's great Bardie, held their annual meeting, as we have already announced, on his birthday, 29th January. It will be commemorated by an oration delivered by a distinguished man, and afterwards by a banquet at the Astor House. The Doctor suggests that tickets ought to be sent to the editors of the leading papers.

**Strange Story.**—A man was found dead some short time since in a lodging-house. An inquest was held—the body remaining unclaimed. The following affidavit of the wife, who turns up when too late, will explain the rest: "Eliza Cary, of No. 29 Monroe street, being sworn, says that she was present at Bellevue (dead-house on Thursday morning, the 18th day of November, 1858, and there she showed a dead body, which she recognized as the body of her husband, Thomas Cary, who departed this life on the morning of the 7th day of November, 1858, at No. 418 Pearl street. Deponent recognized the body by the left side of his face, his mouth and chin. Deponent further says that the flesh on the right side of the face was not the flesh of her husband; that it was the flesh of some other person, and had been sewed on. The brains were taken out and cotton substituted; the eyes, hair and whiskers were missing. And deponent further says that she recognized both of the arms up to the elbows as belonging to her husband, by marks of India ink; the left breast did not belong to her husband; the left side of the stomach did not belong to her husband. And deponent further says that the body was cut and disfigured, and portions of the flesh were missing and other flesh sewed on instead." Two men were arrested who testified that they had taken the body to Dr. Finell, of the Medical College, for the purpose of dissection.

**Sacriligious Arrest.**—Three Jews—two of them occupying high places in the Synagogue, and known as the Rabbi Asch and the Rabbi Rosenthal—have been arrested in this city, on an accusation supported by the leading Rabbi of the Jews in this city, charging them with acting as agents of the Prussian, Hanoverian and Saxon Lotteries. Sergeant Birney, with a portion of the Mayor's Squad, "descended" on the residence of the accused, Wednesday night, and arrested two of them. One Rabbi was seized in the Synagogue, in Allen street, where he was engaged in religious exercises, before a congregation of some three hundred or four hundred persons. The Jews were greatly excited, and denounced the incursion into their temple, and the audacity of the person who had accused their priest of wrong-doing. One of the accused was not arrested till yesterday morning, when all three were brought before the Mayor, and admitted to bail in \$1,000. The little girl of one of the Rabbi's told officer Birney, that the lottery tickets were hid under the altar—when, however, he went back to the Synagogue, they had either been moved or it had been a dodge of the Jews to get time to move them from the house Birney was searching. When Birney and Tiemann have finished their crusade against the lotteries, perhaps they will turn their attention to the hosts of poor little children begging in the streets, and the decoy-tie shops.

**The Glorious Twenty-fifth.**—Two notable events happened on this day. The first, one hundred years ago, thus epitomized in a contemporary. The centennial anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Duquesne by the French forces, and its occupation by the British, was celebrated yesterday at Pittsburgh with great spirit. A procession paraded the streets, consisting of the military of the city and neighborhood, representatives of the various trades, and the civic societies, firemen, &c. Addresses were delivered on the site of the old fort, by various prominent men. Business was entirely suspended. And the other twenty five years after, when the same Washington persuaded the Britishers to retire from New York.

**Dinner of St. Andrew's Society.**—On the 30th ult. this praiseworthy institution had their annual dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen of all nations sat down to a sumptuous repast. Mr. Adam Norrie occupied the chair. The invited guests were not of particular importance, the most notable being Gulian Verplanck and Mayor Tiemann, the latter of whom fired off his solitary joke of having burnt down the Crystal Palace and the City Hall to celebrate the Atlantic cable. He promised Queen Victoria a first-rate reception should she visit America. He also celebrated the virtues of a Scotchman named Pettigrew, which, however, consisted in his having offered to lend him some money to build up his store when he was burnt out. Mayor Tiemann seems to be very unlucky in his "fire transactions." Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, acknowledged the Queen's health as in duty

bound. The venerable old Knickerbocker, Gulian Verplanck, made an excellent speech, short and full of point. He is truly a New York evergreen.

**A Pious "Going, Going, Gone."**—There was lately held an auction of the pews of the new Brick Church. The auctioneer, in his opening speech, which was a very good one, made the following queer remarks:

"It may seem to some a very easy and pleasant affair, but I can assure you it has cost a great deal of care and anxiety to accomplish it. We don't say we are deserving of any credit for this—we have only done our duty; but we hope we shall be fairly judged. One of the chief difficulties we met was the disposal of the pews, and it was a serious one. We have looked at it carefully, and I may say prayerfully, and we now lay the results before you."

We venture to say that Mr. Holden and Mr. Adrian Muller will henceforth always be employed whenever it is necessary to knock down a church to the sound of the hammer.

**The Tammany Troubles.**—Alexander Ming and John Kelly are at dagger's point about the pety of Mr. Purser, the Tammany candidate for Comptroller. In the eyes of a certain clique Mr. Purser labors under the disadvantage of being an Englishman, which is the worst species of heresy in their eyes. John Kelly, who is a Catholic, has been very much censured by such politicians as Mr. Ming for endorsing his nomination. Connelly, or rather his friends lay the blame of his rejection upon Mr. Kelly, and there is no doubt had Connelly and Kelly been willing, old Connelly would have got the nomination. The injustice of this is evident, since the Governor and District Attorney, after all their abuse, came over to Connelly's opinion. But the reward of official honesty is always political death, for it is very evident were our friend Connelly to live a thousand years he would never get another nomination, not even for a pound-keeper.

**Naval Brutality.**—In our last we recorded the fact that four sailors are to take their trial for murdering their captain at sea. We copy from the *Tribune* the following account of an infamous outrage on the part of a captain. If the Government treat their sailors thus, what will become of us in a war with a great naval power? What same man would fight under such a man as Captain Blair is represented to be. Let him appear and answer to this charge:

A naval officer has kindly permitted us to make the following extract from a letter, dated on board the *Dale*, Coast of Africa:

"Although I have seen several years' service in the navy, I never was so sick of a cruise as I am of this. We have been short-handed nearly all the time; have been visited by several kinds of fatal disease, and have had as many courts-martial on this little squadron as ought to suffice for our whole fleet abroad. Speaking of courts-martial, I cannot help lending my individual voice in condemnation of the cruel, unjust and prejudiced treatment of Dr. Sherman, our medical officer. An ordinary seaman, named Hulsted, committed a comparatively trivial crime, for which he was punished in the following manner: After having worked for some hours in exercising sail, and when the perspiration was running down his face, he was crammed into an oven-like cell, immediately behind the galley, measuring in height six feet eight inches in width about eighteen inches, and this with the thermometer nearly up to ninety-five degrees in the shade. When, after six hours' incarceration, he had been almost baked alive, his piteous cries attracted the sympathy of a marine, who instantly hastened to call the surgeon. When the door was opened the poor wretch, looking more like a ghost than a man, fell forward on his face, and seemed in the last agony of death. Restoratives were immediately procured, which, after a considerable time, brought him to his senses. The above facts were embodied in a letter to the Commander-in-chief, by Dr. Sherman, which letter was, according to the requirements of the service in such cases, handed for transmission to Captain Blair of this ship, whose first motion on perusing it was to prefer charges for 'contemptuous treatment of his superior officers,' 'scandalous conduct' and 'neglect of duty.'"

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

The Europa brings news to the 20th ult. It is of little importance. Parliament has been prorogued to January, but it is understood it will not assemble till early in February. The tone of the English press has lately been so hostile to the Emperor, that most of the leading journals had to be suppressed in the post office. The British press expose with much scorn and bitterness that while Montebert is being pro-ecuted for praising the institutions of England, continual attacks upon that nation are being published in Paris with Louis Napoleon's approbation, if not at his instigation.

In France the prosecution of Montebert is the sole topic of conversation, some considering it the blindest move ever made by the Emperor.

In Prussia the elections have gone entirely in favor of the Prince Regent, or rather of the Liberal party, since it is difficult to ascertain precisely to which he belongs. Since his accession there has been a far friendlier feeling between Austria and Prussia.

In Russia the discontent of the nobles at the Emperor's recent emancipation of the serfs, has drawn from him at Moscow a public and marked rebuke for their indisposition to aid him in a measure he is determined to carry through. Indeed, he would be a lost man were he now to attempt to recede, as it is a dangerous thing to arouse and then disappoint the eager hopes of twenty millions of ignorant and unreasoning men.

Italy remains in the same vexed state, Austrian despotism a little relaxed, to the great disappointment of the King of Sardinia, who evidently wishes to make capital out of some outbreak among that irritable people.

#### FRANCE.

**Napoleon and Eugenie.**—The Emperor is entertaining a very distinguished circle of guests. Among them are Queen Christina of Spain, Lords Palmerston and Clarendon. This conjunction seems ominous for Lord Derby's first campaign.

#### PRUSSIA.

The Regent has commenced the formation of his Cabinet. Nine of the former Ministers will be retained. His policy is evidently to keep on good terms with Austria and England, and to present a determined but prudent front to the Franco-Russian alliance. His personal popularity is not great; his son is a favorite with the army, to whom he devotes considerable time and attention.

#### MEXICO.

**Another Outrage.**—The laxity of our Government in dealing with foreign nations who have insulted and injured our citizens, is becoming a marked feature in our national character. The last steamer from San Diego brought as a passenger Mr. Augustin Ainsa. This gentleman has been the victim of a great outrage visited on him by the Mexican authorities in Sonora, at the time when Crabb and his associates were massacred at Cavorra. He is now suffering from the inhumanity with which he was treated. The *Mariposa Democrat* states that Mr. Ainsa resided in Sonora during 1857, while the troubles that distracted that State were in progress. After living there some fifteen months, he was one night attacked at Dunbar's store by a party of Mexicans, and dragged, beaten and wounded into Mexican territory. He was carried captive to Guaymas. His four companions, sick Americans, were murdered, and he, scarce alive, had to endure the scene, and the taunts and blows of the infuriated savages, and was then thrown into a dungeon, where the camps and the treatment he has received have made a wreck of what was once a fine constitution. He has now returned, a poor paralytic wretch, leaning upon the arm of a faithful servant, and bearing with him documents and affidavits, to show to the United States Government that in his person the honor of our country was violated, her flag dishonored, her soil polluted by the march of a foreign soldiery into her territory, and the bodies of her citizens, massacred as they were, left to be a prey for and mangled by dogs. We trust that this will be the last outrage that we will be called upon to relate. We hope that in the present Administration, when this matter is made plain to them, and well authenticated documents are exhibited, that summary justice will at once be done. Our national honor demands it.

#### GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

##### ENGLAND.

**Spurgeon, the great preacher, seems to attract attention by his absurdities and buffooneries, more than by his theology. Upon one occasion he told the assembled multitude that the "way to hell was smooth and easy, like this," said he, and he straightway opened the pulpit door, put his foot over the banister, and slid down, as you have often seen little boys do. He then stopped for a moment, and said, "But the way to Heaven's hard, like this," and pulled himself up again, which was rather difficult; but the congregation received this practical illustration with great applause.**

**The Garrick Club Scandal.**—Our readers will no doubt remember that a writer named Thackeray, whose monthly outrages upon common sense form the comic portions of a monthly magazine, under the facetious title of "The Virginians," was so indignant at a little sketch of himself, published in the *Times* (an English paper), that he got Mr. Yates, the writer, expelled. This gentleman, however, being a personal friend of Charles Dickens, had too strong a party at his back to quietly submit to this proceeding. He has consequently denied the right of the Club to expel him, and the case will soon be tried before a court of law. The Attorney-General has been retained on the part of the Club, and Edwin James, the most vituperative of all the English advocates, is retained for Mr. Yates.

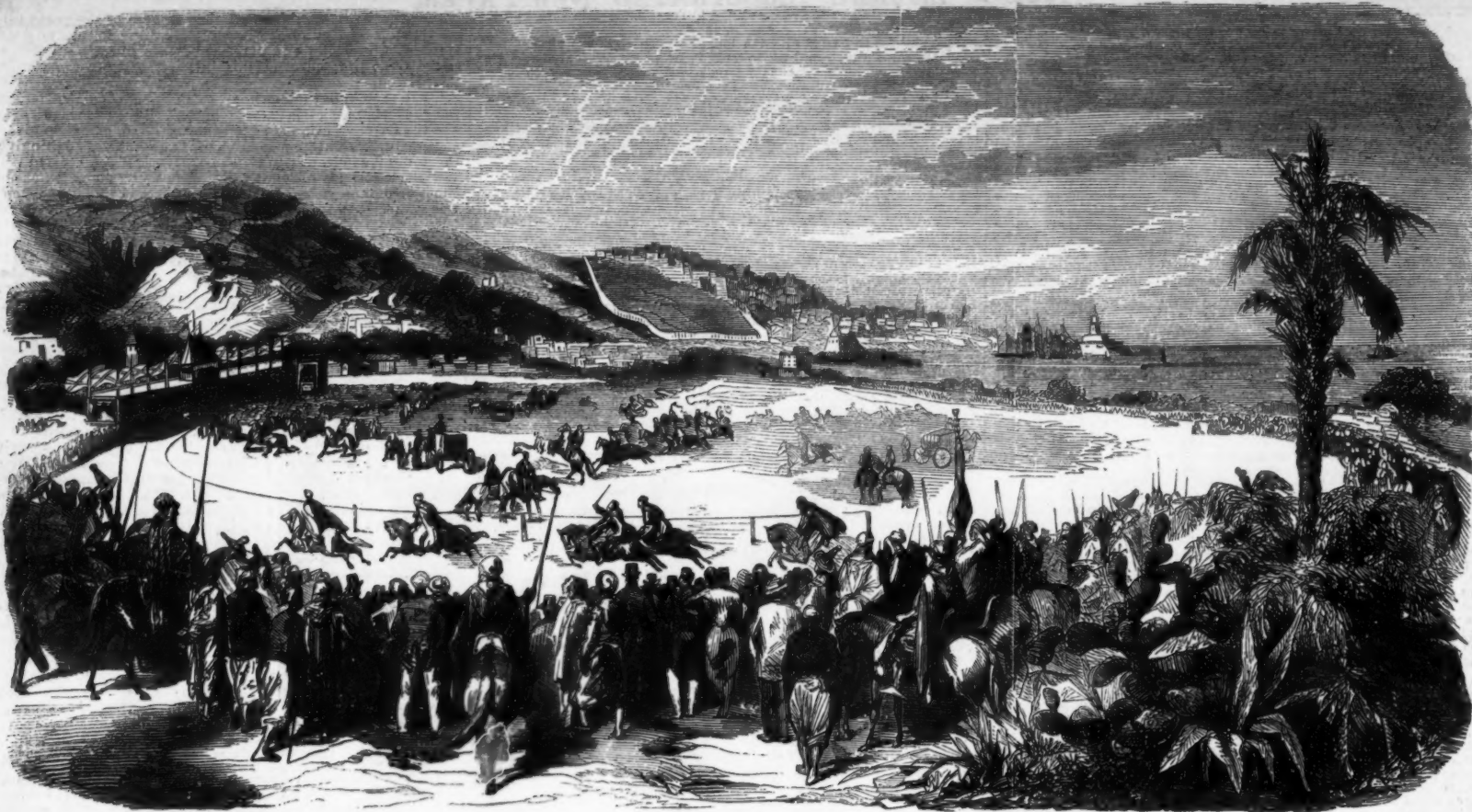
**British Flunkeyism.**—The sailors of the Euryalus have an anecdote amongst them to the effect that two of the midshipmen during the voyage blackened Prince Alfred's face while he was asleep in his berth, in that spirit of mischief for which these young men are notorious. The prince made no complaint, but was up before gunshot next morning, and cut away the ham-mock strings of the two young gentlemen who had soiled him so, taking the law into his own hands in true sailor fashion.

**Ko-suth.**—This undoubtedly eminent man, although a bungling and egotistical statesman, has been lecturing the Britishers, and telling them some most unpalatable truths. Of the Austrian alliance he said: "Austria can never prove a true and useful ally to Great Britain against Russia. She will only clog your wheels, fetter your hands, distance the conflict from the vulnerable points of Russia, in order to distance it from her own frontiers; but help you to reduce Russia to proper limits, she never will, she never can dare. And why not? The answer to this question is to be found in the famous instruction of Czar Alexander I. to Admiral Taisakov, 'Should Austria really dare to play false with me, you are hereby authorized to invite in my name the Slavonic population of her empire to rise and give their assistance; and when will Austria be?'"



"Massen says you must sartin pay his bill to-day," said a negro to a New Orleans shopkeeper. "Why, he can't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not exactly dat; but shen," said the darky, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away heseelf, and darfoe wants to make a big rajez I. Yah, yah!"





ARAB RACES IN ALGIERS.

**THE ALGERIAN RACES.**

SOMEWHAT different from the aspect of our Eclipse and Fashion Course is that of the raceground appertaining to the Franco-Moorish city of Algiers. Racing is one of the innovations by the French conquerors which has been most willingly adopted by the native population, and for the last few years a course has been annually attended by multitudes from the city and the surrounding country. On the first day of the races, European riders, mounted on native horses, display their horsemanship and compete for the prize; on the second, the native agas have the course; and on the third day the horses that have beaten in the two preceding contend for the prize of five thousand francs, or one thousand dollars. At intervals the Arab riders execute their wild feats of horsemanship upon the plain, to the great delight and entertainment of the European spectators.

**GENERAL JULIAN CASTRO.**

The downfall of the Monagas Administration in Venezuela was accomplished in March of the present year, in a bloodless revolution instigated by General Julian Castro, an officer of the Venezuelan army, who was subsequently elected Provisional President. Among the great Generals of South America, Bolivar is well known as the most prominent, both on the battle-field and in the statesman's cabinet; and from his school have come forth many other generals who have kept up the honor of his country, which now bears the name of the Republic of Venezuela. General Julian Castro, its present President, and whose portrait we now give to our readers, is one of them. From his very birth he seems to have been predestined for a military career; for in the year 1810, when it took place in the city of Caracas (birthplace also of Bolivar), was first set up in those countries the war cry of independence. And accordingly he embraced the military profession as soon as he had terminated his first studies. His conduct as a military man, and his success in the fulfilment of his duty, are best illustrated by the fact that he has passed by every degree of the ladder of promotion to arrive at the rank of Commander-in-Chief, which has been conferred upon him this year by the grateful voice of the population of Venezuela, as a reward for a most distinguished patriotic service.

For the last ten years the power of the State had become the monopoly of a few men whose only serious policy was their own enrichment, and under their tyranny the republic found its external credit perfectly abandoned, and suffered all the evils consequent upon a reckless and dishonest administration. This contrasted so glaringly with the conduct of its previous government, headed by the Generals Paez and Soublette, who were so well known for their honorable equity, and from the scrupulous regularity with which the interest of the public debt of Venezuela was then paid, that such a change from their system was too violent to insure a willing acceptance. This occasioned during the whole period which the late arbitrary government lasted repeated attempts to put an end to so scandalous a state of public rule. But they all proved ineffectual, being in every case overborne by the brutal violence of the men in power, who only acquired therefrom the more audacity, while the despair of the population increased with the belief in their unconquerable position. It was under such disheartening impressions that a mere handful of true patriots, with a firm

faith in their success, based on the thorough discredit of these rulers, undertook the task of restoring the common weal, and chose for their chief, General Castro. Braving all hazards against the prevalent despotism, they proclaimed the regeneration of their country on the 5th of March of the present year, in the city of Valencia, where the General resided, and where he began the achievement which has made his name so well known.

Placed as he was already in so high a military position, and flattered by a power which lavished its favors on those who could contribute to its maintenance, he preferred the disinterested glory of being the liberator of his country to any selfish advantage, and directed the political movement which, in the space of ten days only, resulted in recovering for the nation its lost liberties, without bloodshed or disaster of any kind, which certainly was a most unforeseen occurrence. He has thus earned the heartfelt gratitude of the honest majority of his fellow-citizens, who have at last the satisfaction of seeing the re-establishment of public order and morality. His firm decision under such critical circumstances—his spontaneous promise to the National Assembly to resign his power as soon as the State is in safety—the readiness with which he has called together the representatives of the nation to pass the new fundamental law—the liberty of the press, and the pardon for all political offences which he has proclaimed, and his scrupulous respect for the civil authorities—all concur to mark General Castro as the worthy depository of

the trust of his nation, and is in every way fitted to consolidate the supremacy of the law. Means will not be wanting to him to give strength to his Administration, for the recollection of the sufferings inflicted by his predecessors will induce all honorable citizens to continue the support which they have hitherto given him.

The republic, moreover, can now reckon on the concurrent services of its former Presidents, the veteran Generals Paez and Soublette, along with those of many others, who will contribute to found in this important State a firm and honorable Government, no longer exposed, as heretofore, to the contests of claimants for power; for the most influential men of the Conservative party, of which General Castro is the representative, are generals and statesmen who have passed through the whole career of political honors, and have already acquired the honest fame which is the only ambition of noble hearts. General Castro, who is younger than some of his colleagues, can therefore rely on their loyal concurrence and advice, based upon a profound knowledge and enlarged experience of State administration, so as to re-establish public credit both at home and abroad. This will be the crowning-point of the regeneration of this fine country—a work which reflects honor upon the whole school of politicians of which General Castro is a pupil, according to the well-known adage of "*Laus discipuli laus magistri*" (the praise of the scholar is the master's praise).



GENERAL JULIAN CASTRO, PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

**PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION**  
at the Cooper Institute.

A VERY interesting gathering of the pupils in the different public schools of the city took place in the Cooper Institute on Friday, November 26, when a speech was made by Peter Cooper, and the pupils were entertained with music and addresses. The large hall of the building was crowded with pupils and visitors; the number of scholars present having fallen little short of three thousand. The first three grammar classes of nearly all the schools were present, together with their instructors.

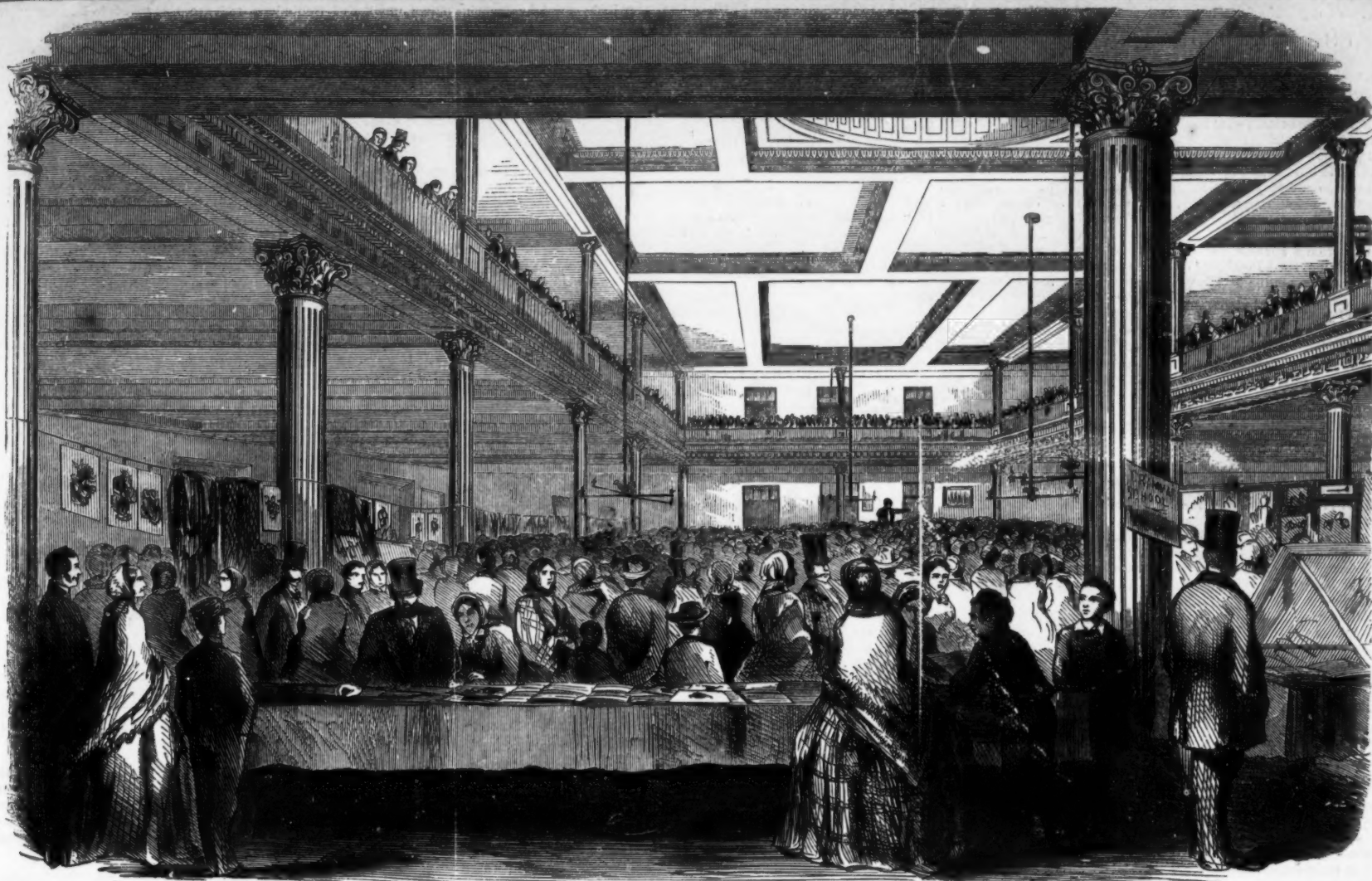
The programme for the entertainment, which commenced at three p.m., consisted in various selections, Mr. Villanova performing on the Alexandre organ, and Mr. Timm on the piano-forte; the quartette choir, led by Mr. Henry Camp, also bore a prominent share in the exercises. A quartette, composed of two ladies and two gentlemen from the Mendelssohn Union, led by Mr. Camp, sang two pieces; and Miss Eliza A. Maher, of Ward School No. 34, sang one solo, accompanied by the organ.

The exercises were opened by William Jay Haskett, Esq., who read the twenty-fourth Psalm, and at its conclusion Mr. Cooper delivered his address, in which he dwelt upon the importance of education as a means of success in life. He drew a similitude between life and a voyage on the sea. The different branches of education were the compass, the charts, the barometer and the other implements of their profession. Without them they could have no certainty that the voyage of life would be prosperous. At the close of the entertainment the boys gave loud cheers for Peter Cooper.

**ALLHALLOW EVE.**

THE night of the 1st of November, known as Allhallow Eve from the fact of its preceding the great Romish holiday of All Saints Day, is especially believed by the superstitious peasantry of Ireland to be that on which all the invisible creation—





ENTERTAINMENT OF PUPILS FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NOVEMBER 26.

ghosts, witches and faeries—delight most in tormenting or leading astray the unwary; while in England the more sober country folks believe that the young man or maiden who ventures to brave the supernatural terrors of the churchyard during the darkness of that night will be gratified with a vision of the bride or bridegroom that the future destines for them. In order to counteract the presence of numbers the supposed influence of the fairy world on Allhallow E'en the Irish peasantry have been immemo-

rially accustomed to make the night a season of festivity, and great gatherings of lads and lasses take place yearly at farm-houses and cottages all over the gem of the sea. The mirth and jollity of these occasions is well represented in our sketch. There is the inimitable story-telling, for which the Hibernian peasant is so widely famed; sly love-making in corners and kisses out of sight, and games in which the participants sometimes get a little rough handling are not wanting. A favorite form of amusement

is the *scaltheen*, which consists in snapping with the mouth at apples placed on cross sticks suspended from the ceiling. The ends of the stick are garnished alternately with apples and with lighted candles, so that the candidate for the prize stands a fair chance of a bite of tallow, or of singed eyelashes, as the *scaltheen* is rapidly twirled around. At one o'clock the spell of Allhallow E'en is broken, and all may return to their homes without fear of ghostly molestation.



MERRY-MAKING OF ALLFALLOW EVE—SUPERSTITION'S CUSTOM OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.



(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

## THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:

A Tale of Life's Chances and Changes.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was well that terrible blast was not long in its continuance; but when its fury was somewhat abated how the rain did pour! Literally it came in torrents.

"De boat! de boat!" exclaimed Sambo, "I berry 'fraid, Mass Richard, de boat bruk loose in dah dreadful win'-de po' boat!"

"Let's go and see, boys," said I; and Sambo, Neptune and myself joined hands and groped our way to the landing. We had to wade for some distance in water up to our knees; for already the river was overflowing its low banks, and the road shelved down for some distance from the landing, and was often filled with water.

"Tenk God, Mass Richard!" exclaimed Sambo, whose eyes, accustomed to seeing in the dark, were keener than ours.

"Do you see the boat, Sambo?"

"Dat I does, massa; I no bin tie um so fas' for nuttin'. Dis yer dah great rope, dis yer is!"

"Let us hope for the best, Sambo; God has helped us hitherto."

"Dat dah true, massa. One man bin tell me turrer day dat de great Farrer up dey bin hab something else for de beside watch me; but I know better; I know he often does put he han' underneat' my boat for hole um up; I know dat."

I would not disturb this genuine, simple and child-like faith; and I knew that, however sceptical I might be at other times in regard to a superintending Providence, on such occasions as the present I always found my foolish philosophy to the winds, and clung with earnest heart and unquestioning mind to the beautiful and simple faith my mother had taught me at her knee. No; the words I had uttered, "The Lord has helped us hitherto," were not mere words of course, but had come, in an honest moment, from my inmost heart.

We called to the rest of our company entreating them to come on as fast as possible; for we knew not how long the rope which held the boat, "great" as it was in Sambo's estimation, would bear the strain upon it. We were soon all in the boat, together with the travellers, who, much to our disgust and annoyance, instead of being thankful for the preservation of their lives, were cursing and swearing over the loss of their horses.

"Look yer, massa," said Sambo to one of them, "I can't promise for tek you ober safe ef you meks us' ob sich langridge. You meks me all ober ob a trimble, an' dis yer ent no time for trimblin'. Beside, de great Farrer want tek no keer ob us ef we treats um data-way." Thus rebuked they became silent, but evidently not from any feeling of reverence.

The pull back was worse than the other. The wind, blowing rather sideways, was more against us, or more "ahead" than before, and the storm had not abated. It was terrible work. The travellers gave us no help, and we could see, by the occasional gleams of lightning, that they were seated on the board, which enclosed the other side of the boat. We excused them, however, on the ground of fatigue, for we knew how long they had been exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm. The boat progressed but slowly, for, notwithstanding our number, we were almost exhausted. Neptune and Sambo frequently uttered words of encouragement which were not without their influence; but it was only by bracing ourselves to the work that we continued it, and I, for one, felt strongly tempted to throw myself down in the bottom of the boat, and take my chance for life.

But soon we heard the cheering voice of Sambo, "Keep ha'at, childun, keep ha'at! we mos' ober now! Two or three good strong pull, an' we'll be ober!" So we lent ourselves with renewed vigor to our work.

But just at this moment we heard a sudden splash, an exclamation and an oath. Then a yell, prolonged and fearful, fell upon our ears, and some of us dropped the rope in terror! Then came the mingled sounds of entreaty, of blasphemy, of warning! One of the travellers had fallen overboard!

"For God's sake, catch de rope 'gain, all ob you!" shouted Sambo; "de boat, swingin' roun'! Hol' on! hol' on! pull ha'ad! dey now, she comin' roun', pull ha'ad! pull ha'ad!" And pull we did, for life itself, making amends, by almost superhuman efforts, for our momentary forgetfulness.

"Hol' on now!" said Sambo; "Neptin! you go look for dah po' man in de ribber; I 'fraid for leabe go yer! Go, Neptin, dey! dey! I see um dey!"

"Why?" shouted Neptune, "I no see nuttin'! Massa! why you is? Holler, massa, ef you kin!"

"Here I am! oh save me! Oh! oh!" And his voice grew fainter in the distance, for the rushing torrent was sweeping him away.

"Can he swim?" I asked of his companion, who seemed almost paralyzed by fear, horror, or something else.

"Not a stroke!" exclaimed the man; and, as I bent my head to hear his answer—for, finding my strength failing me, I had left the rope—the fumes of bad whiskey told me plainly enough where he, at least, had been seeking consolation during the storm.

"Dah you, Neptin! Dah yer good fellow! Keep ha'at, man—keep ha'at! Dey he is! Strike out yander! Dey he is!" This was addressed to Neptune by Sambo, for Neptune had plunged in to the rescue, while Sambo still grasped the rope with his horny hands.

"I hab um! I hab um!" shouted Neptune. "Somebody come to dis side yer, an' hole out he han'! Mek haste! mek haste! Dis berry ha'ad wak!"

"Here, Neptune, here's my hand!" I cried; and bracing myself against the side of the boat, I leaned out as far as I dared in the direction of his voice. It was well I did, for the poor fellow had undertaken what was beyond his strength. It would have been terrible work to breast the rapid current without the additional weight of a drowning man, and Neptune caught my hand just as he was himself about going down. This gave him fresh courage; and he clambered over the boat's side, holding fast to the hair of the man he had saved, and together we dragged him into the boat, for he was past helping himself.

We got safely at last to the other side, and felt that we had been carried through a terrible ordeal. We found the doctor anxiously awaiting our return, and he wrung my hand with fervor, and uttered a hearty "Thank God!"

The saved man, still insensible, was carried by Neptune and Sambo, and the doctor gave orders that he should be taken into his office—a small building that stood apart from the house—"for," said he, "I'll not risk any noise in the house." And thither he was carried.

"How is Mary?" asked Harry and I in the same breath.

"Still sleeping quietly," replied the doctor. "'Tis true I have given her some anodyne; but she can't be in much pain, or her sleep wouldn't be so quiet." It was now our turn to utter a fervent "Thank God!"

We accompanied the doctor to the office, and having ascertained that the stranger was alive, we proceeded to dry our clothes by the large fire we found there. The other traveller was a dark, ill-looking man, very surly and taciturn, seldom raising his eyes, and scarcely deigning an answer to the necessary inquiries of the doctor. The remedies usually resorted to for the resuscitation of the drowned soon produced their wonted effect, and it was not long before the stranger opened his eyes and gazed wildly round the room. When he saw his companion he cast upon him a look of inquiry, and the other said something to him in Spanish; but just then the sick man's eyes encountered mine, and I saw him start, while a scowl of defiance gleamed from his eyes. It was the man who called himself Mary's father!

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHERE had this dreadful man been through all these years? And why did he appear just at this very time? Just at the moment

when the imminent danger of our dear Mary had proved how much we loved her, and how hard it would be to lose her.

As soon as we had sufficiently dried our clothing, Harry and I went into the house. I was uncertain whether or not Harry had recognized the rescued man, but I saw that he seemed uneasy, and at length he said,

"Did you look particularly at that fellow's face, Dick?"

"Yes, I did," said I.

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Yes."

"Was it he?"

"Yes, Harry, it was he."

"Now, what's to be done?"

"We must get Mary away as soon as she can be removed. I must see General Worthington, and lay my plans; that fellow is here for no good."

"And to think," said Harry, "that we risked our lives to save him! But, nonsense, Dick! what can he do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I replied; "but you know what a coward I am where Mary is concerned?"

Just at this moment old Dido entered the room. She gave us two of her profound and graceful courtesies, and then came up to me.

"Mass' Dick," said she, "I berry oneasy."

"What about, mom Dido?"

"'Bout ebry ting, massa; dere's dah ole Satan, Mass' Gibbin, he gwine on like de ole Harry; an' dis mornin' he sca' he po' wife so, tell she faint clean 'way; but nebbin' min', he want be so berry long befo' de good Farrer gwine tek um to heself, where Mass' Gibbin can't worrit um no mo', bless de Lord!"

"What else troubles you, mom Dido?"

"I berry oneasy 'bout George, massa; Mass' Gibbin is mistreat um an' worrit um tell he ent like de same boy he was, and sometimes—here she lowered her voice to a whisper—"I berry 'fraid he gwine run off."

"Oh, surely George wouldn't do that, mom Dido," said I; "he's too much attached to Ned, and to his old master; in fact, to the whole family."

"Dat's a fac', massa," said Dido; "but what mek me oneasy is dis. Dere's been a couple o' mean bukras (white men) a hangin' roun' here dis some time. Venus oberhears dem talkin' to George tudder night, an' de tole um dey was goin' 'cross de ferry for a few days, an' dey was a comin' back to-night, an' comin' to ole massa's arter something she couldn't hear what. But I hope to de Farrer dat dis yer storm is blow dem somewheres fur off from yer. I tell you, my childun, I was mighty glad when ole massa an' Miss Dora got back, an' mek me come on yer for see to Mrs. Mary, cos now I kin watch George too. Anyhow, tank God, no human creeter kin git 'cross de ferry to-night!"

Harry and I exchanged looks, but we did not venture to tell Dido that the very man who had stolen Mary in Charleston so many years ago was probably one of those to whom she alluded. I informed her, however, that the ferry had been crossed, and begged her to keep her eye on George, though I could not believe it possible that he could be so base as to play into that fellow's hands.

Before bedtime the storm lulled considerably, and the dark clouds began to roll away. The roaring of the wind was exchanged for the gentle murmurs which could almost always be heard among the pines, and the moon shone out occasionally, for a moment or two, in all her brightness. Before making arrangements for the night, Harry and I visited our dear invalid, whom we found awake, and doing well. Bettie and Mrs. Perry insisted on sitting up with her, which Mary declared was not at all necessary; but Bettie, as she usually did, managed to have her own way.

We then proceeded to the office, and found that our strange birds had flown. The doctor, knowing nothing about them, had insisted on their remaining for the night, but this they positively refused to do; and, as soon as possible, they had left the premises, almost without a word of thanks. Finding a good fire in the office, Harry and I determined to remain there for the present, to talk over matters, while we persuaded the doctor to retire, and take some rest.

And we had enough to talk about. Harry, dear fellow, opened his whole heart to me, and told me how the strong affections, which he had thought for ever buried in the grave of his early disappointment, had been quickened into new life by Mary's worth and loveliness, and how he found his happiness now depending almost wholly upon her. At the same time he told me with a sigh that he feared he was again doomed to disappointment, for he could perceive that Mary did not love him as he loved her.

"Have you spoken to her on the subject, Harry?" said I.

"No," he replied, "I have not dared to do it. I have been afraid of disturbing the tranquil harmony of our present intercourse; nor shall I speak to her, Dick, unless I see more unequivocal signs of affection than I do now."

"My dear friend," said I, "your union with Mary would fulfil the dearest wish of my heart. I don't know a man in this world to whom I would so gladly entrust her. Wait patiently; Mary is still very young, and you are not old."

"Too old for her, I'm afraid. Ned loves her too, Dick, don't you think so?"

"Yes," I replied, "anybody can see that, and Ned is a fine fellow; but, on my soul, Harry, I think you would suit her better. And, somehow or other, I have a strong belief that you will win her yet."

He put his hand on my shoulder, and looked earnestly in my face with the smile of a happy child. "Have you, Dick?" said he.

"Indeed I have, Harry," was my reply.

Just at this moment the large house-dog, which had been lying just inside of the door, raised his head and began to growl. We listened, and heard voices conversing earnestly, but evidently in a subdued tone. We kept perfectly silent, but prepared ourselves for a sudden surprise, and Harry reached silently forward, and taking up a pistol which was lying on the doctor's table, examined it to ascertain whether it was loaded and ready for action. Presently the voices rose, as if in altercation, and then we heard a rush, and some one sprang violently against the door, while the dog began to bark most furiously. As soon as we could we quieted his barking, and then we heard the voice of George, crying, "Mass' Dick! Mass' Harry! let me in! quick! quick!"

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

I SPRANG to the door and opened it, while Harry cocked the pistol and stood at the side of the door with his finger on the trigger. George, however, rushed in alone, and then carefully locked the door.

"What's the matter, George?" we both exclaimed; "what is all this?"

"Just let me get my breath, Mass' Dick," said George, "and I'll tell you all about it."

We saw that he was very much agitated, and handing him a chair, insisted on his taking a seat. But he sank down on a trunk near the door, placed his elbows on his knees, and resting his head on his hands, remained in this position for some time. Anxious as we were to hear his story, we would not interrupt him.

"Mass' Richard and Mass' Harry," said he, at length, "I've been the biggest fool that ever lived."

"How's that, George?" said I.

"Why, about a week ago, Mass' Ned sent me of a message to Mass' Tim Rodgers, about ten miles on the other side of the swamp. When I got almost there I met two white men, who stopped me and began to talk to me. I ought to tell you first, that, for three or four days before that, Mass' Gibbons had been treating me so badly that I felt as if I couldn't stand it. I'd be afraid to tell you what dreadful thoughts have come into my mind about that man! Well, I was thinking, as I was riding along by myself, that I couldn't and wouldn't stand such treatment any longer, and that I would get out

massa, much as I would hate to leave Mass' Ned, to hire me out—when, as I said before, I met those two men.

"They seemed to know all about the family, and asked me a great many questions about everybody, but especially about Miss Mary. They asked if she rode out much, or walked out much, and even asked what room she slept in; but I wouldn't tell them, because I thought it was none of their business. I've often heard that the Yankees are very inquisitive; but somehow, those men didn't talk like Yankees. Well, anyhow, when they talked about Mass' Gibbons—they seemed to know him too—they abused him so heartily that it made me sort o' like them. Then they asked me what I staid there for, and said if I would go with them I could easily pass myself off for a white man, and make money as they did. They talked very fair, Mass' Richard, and I kept on listening, and, after I got home I kept thinking about it, till I made up my mind, at last, to run off; but I wasn't happy all the time. Anyhow, I was to meet them again, and then we were to make all the arrangements for going off; but to-night they got hold of me when I was standing under a big tree by myself, and I've found out all about them. One of them is that very man you got Miss Mary from."

"I know that, George," said I. "But why did you rush in here so? It seemed as if some one was pursuing you."

"So there were, Mass' Dick," answered George. "When that man found out that I knew him, and that I wouldn't do what he wanted me to do, he tried to catch me to carry me off, I s'pose."

"What did he want you to do?" I asked.

"He wanted me to promise that I would try to get Miss Mary out somewhere by herself. He said he was her father, and he wanted to speak to her." Here Harry groaned audibly.

"I have no idea that he is her father, George," said I; "you know what the woman said when she was dying. But if he could see Mary alone he would tell her he was her father, and try and get money from her; or, perhaps, carry her off, to get money from me. What did you tell him?"

"I told him I wouldn't have anything to do with it, and then he cursed me and said he was playing me false, and declared that he'd put an end to me before I knew where I was; and he started to take hold of me, when I ran ahead of him, and got here in time before he and the other one could overtake me. I dare say they're skulking about here now, or else Carlo wouldn't keep up such a growling."

"Well, George," said I, "I'm glad you've told me all this, for now I will be on my guard against them. But how came you to listen to them at all—didn't you know what the fellow was?"

"Why, Mass' Dick, I never recognized him till to-night. The other night he must have been disguised, for he looked as different as possible."

"Yes," said Harry, "these fellows know how to disguise themselves."

"Well, how is Miss Mary now, Mass' Dick?" asked George.

"She's better, George," said I; "the doctor thinks she was not seriously injured by the fall." Then, turning to Harry, I said, "we must get her back home to-morrow, if she can bear the ride."

"I think so too," said Harry.

"Depend upon it, Mass' Dick," said George, "I'll keep both my eyes open. I've been a fool once, and now I'll try if I can't keep my right senses about me. I don't think those men are going to give up very easily what they've come after; but if they've come after Miss Mary they'll have some tough fighting before they can get her. Mass' Ned would shed every drop of his blood for her, any minute."

"So would we all, George," said Harry; "but these men have no idea of losing any of their precious blood, or of making us lose ours. They only want to get their hands in our pockets. But come what will, we mustn't let them annoy Mary."

I had very little to say, but sat with my eyes fixed on the fire, while my thoughts were by no means idle.

## CHAPTER XL.

It was the day before Christmas. The usual neighborhood parties had been given every night of the week, but, although Mary had apparently quite recovered from her indisposition, and was as full of life and bloom as ever, we all thought it best that she should remain quietly at home. On this night, however, in honor of Christmas eve, we were to have an egg-nog party at the general's.

It was rather a difficult matter to collect together a sufficient quantity of eggs, and though the children and servants had been saving eggs for some time in view of this very occasion, we feared our supply was rather scanty; so all day long we were forming foraging parties to the "negro quarter," and carrying on a lively trade. And it was astonishing what stores of eggs were brought forth from dark recesses in exchange for the gay colored cotton handkerchiefs which had been lying at the bottom of many a trunk, and which had been purchased at Charleston to be kept in reserve for just such emergencies.

The weather, after the storm, had become cold and clear. The ground was strewn with the shrivelled berries of the Pride of India or Chinese trees, on which the sheep were feeding with a never failing appetite. The negroes were hurrying to and fro, preparing for their annual holiday, and all things betokened that a time of universal rejoicing was at hand.

When evening came on, and supper had been served, the immense egg-nog bowl was brought out, and placed upon the table. The party gathered together, though confined to the families of General Worthington, and Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon and their guests, was by no means a small one. Doctor and Mrs. Perry had been invited and expected, but had not yet arrived. Probably, we all thought, the doctor had been kept away by a professional call, and would make his appearance, we hoped, during some part of the evening.

According to my usual custom, I seated myself in one corner of the sofa, quietly to enjoy the scene, and to make myself happy by witnessing the pleasures of others. It was really an animated scene. Harry and Ned, with their sleeves turned back, were making huge efforts to rub up smoothly yolks of eggs contained in two large bowls, while Bettie and Mary beat up the whites. Mary was, perhaps, a little paler than usual; but she was bright and animated; and her peculiarly bewitching smile, and wonderfully graceful attitudes, were none of them lost upon me in my secluded corner. Harry managed to keep near Mary, and would now and then bend down his noble head, and whisper something in her ear, and then I could see the color deepen on her cheek, but was pained to observe that an expression of uneasiness would settle on her beautiful countenance. Ned looked, I thought, rather moody and discontented, but Bettie was so full of fun that he could not help feeling the influence of her high and irrepressible spirits. Mr. Tompkins hovered about, getting into everybody's way, and asking a thousand pardons for every mishap that he occasioned. The good old general stood on the rug, with his back to the fireplace, looking complacently on the group, while his sweet young wife moved hither and thither, providing what was wanted, and bestowing a kind word or smile upon all around her.

At length the foaming beverage was ready, and Bettie undertook to fill the glasses. Mary brought me my portion, and I observed, as she handed it, that she trembled, and looked distressed. I took her hand, and drew her down beside me; then she trembled still more. I noticed too, that she did not look me in the face with that confiding glance to which I had been accustomed.

"Has anything occurred to annoy you, Mary?" I said, in a low tone.

"Oh, no, Cousin Dick," she answered; "but—"

"But what, Mary?"

"I can't tell you, Cousin Dick, don't ask me," and I noticed that her lip quivered, and she partly turned away her head. I said no more, but felt uneasy, and resolved to watch her closely.

Presently came Harry, and seated himself on the sofa with us. We were uncommonly silent, all of us, each seeming to be absorbed



in his own reflections; and after a while came Bettie, to rouse us up. She laughed, and joked, and raised quite a commotion, but it was short-lived, and when she left us for some other part of the room we once more sank into silence.

"Mary," said Harry at length, "would you be afraid to walk up and down the piazza for a little while? It isn't very cold."

"I—I do you think I ought to go, Cousin Dick?" said she, suddenly turning to me.

"I don't think it would hurt you, Mary," said I.

She gave me a reproachful glance, then took Harry's offered arm, and they left the room together.

Up and down, backwards and forwards, they walked. I could see them through the window. Harry's head was bowed down in earnest conversation; Mary's head, too, was down, but she was looking another way, off into the yard. The piazza had been brilliantly lighted, in honor of Christmas; and all over the yard were burning bright fires of lightwood, which cast over everything a ruddy glow.

If earnest wishes are prayers, then was I at prayer; for most earnestly I wished that Harry's conversation with Mary—I could divine its import—might lead to the result on which I knew poor Harry's heart was set. I could not see how Mary could resist him. To me he appeared to be all that was noble, graceful, refined and good; indeed, I knew that there were few just like him upon earth. But would she see him with my eyes?

(To be continued.)

## THE CHILD'S SPIRIT TO ITS MOTHER.

By Mark Lemon.

Sweet mother, do not weep,  
Thy child is but asleep!  
For when the Spring brings back again  
The flowers and sunny skies,  
The roses of my lips shall tell,  
The bluebell of my eyes,  
Sweet mother, I am near;  
Why shouldst thou shed a tear?

Sweet mother, do not weep,  
Thy child is but asleep!  
And when the Summer breezes sigh,  
Through every leafy tree,  
Believe it is my little voice,  
That's calling thee to me.  
Sweet mother, I am near;  
Why shouldst thou shed a tear?

(From Advance Sheets furnished us by the courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Stanford & Delisser.)

## CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

### THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—BRINGS TO LIGHT A FEW OF THE SECRETS OF LUTETIA. THE EMPEROR JULIAN DEPARTS UPON A MYSTERIOUS ENTERPRISE.

As the spy directed his steps towards the palace of the Roman emperors, he had ample leisure to reflect upon the events which he had so recently witnessed, and congratulated himself upon his discovery of D'Argenson's treacherous intentions, as the knowledge thus acquired promised to prove the means of assisting him to baffle them; showing him, moreover, the necessity of being more than ever upon his guard against his astute superior, and of keeping the strictest watch over his proceedings.

The unfortunate baron's fate he sincerely lamented, not only because of the great friendship he entertained for him, but because he had unwittingly become the instrument of his incarceration by bringing him into collision with D'Argenson.

He had reached the Pont de la Tournelle, in front of the magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame, upon which the queen of night now shone in full lustre. Jacques gazed long and silently upon the sacred pile, alternately directing his eyes downwards upon the smooth surface of the river—on which the moon, like some coquette, had stooped awhile from her high throne to admire her maiden beauties—then into the clear firmament, where he beheld her holding court, surrounded by multitudes of orbs, twinkling in obscurity.

Of what nature were the thoughts that filled the heart of that strange man? he owned no religion—followed no creed—yet, as he stood at midnight on that isolated bridge—alone—apart from human kind—communing with nature—his bosom heaved, as his eyes wandered over the heavens; he sighed audibly, and tears trickled down his manly face.

Ding dong! ding dong! clung clang! boom! boom! The toll-bell of Notre Dame chimed, two! A pause; and fifty brazen voices, from as many bellfries, echoed two.

Jacques started, quickened his pace, and soon arrived at Maitre Michault's; the door flew open before he could knock, for Polyphème was awaiting his arrival.

The emperor (for so he was called here), was greeted on his entry into the hall below, with the exclamations of his Luteian subjects, a mark of respect which he acknowledged by an inclination of the head, at the same time casting his eyes rapidly around, as if for the purpose of reconnoitering the number. The glance appeared satisfactory, for his features assumed a singular expression of satisfaction, although not amounting to a smile; as he moved towards his accustomed seat at the upper end of the first hall, he held out a hand to St. Marcel, who was seated close by the philosopher, both deeply engaged in the mysteries of the dice-box; they had evidently become upon intimate terms.

"Thou hast won my last crown, friend Marcellus," exclaimed Democritus, throwing down the dice; "there it is, I like to play and pay! against ill-fortune, bear up with a stout heart, says the proverb!"

"That's true philosophy," responded St. Marcel; "but didst thou say the last crown?"

"My very last! upon my honor!"

"Then I'll lend thee one to begin again; for twenty if thou wilt, what sayest thou?"

"Volo!" answered the philosopher, declining the proffered gift; "I never borrow!"

"I'll give thee thy crown again then," remonstrated St. Marcel, apparently bent upon seducing his friend to try fortune again; "I can but win them back!"

Democritus laughed and shook his head.

"Come," said St. Marcel, "try to see whether the luck will turn!" and he rattled the dice in the box.

But the philosopher remained inexorable, dashing his fist down, to intimate his determination not to be tempted.

"I'll tell thee what I'll do," resumed the other, despairing at his companion's firmness; "here are fifty crowns which I have won from thee! Now, I will throw against myself, whether I shall give them to thee back or not!"

"A gamester to the core," observed the philosopher, draining a goblet; "go on Marcellus, since thou wilt have it so."

"Well, then, here goes for thee, friend Democritus," cried St. Marcel, throwing out the dice; "six deus! that's bad! And here's for me! ah! ah! ah! then hast lost again! six trois!"

"I hope thou art satisfied," resumed the other; "thou hast it all thine own way."

"I would offer to play for thee thy clothes," exclaimed St. Marcel, laughing, and scrutinizing the philosopher's toilet, which, as will be remembered, was by no means remarkable for elegance or good condition—"only that the fashion of them is somewhat peculiar."

Democritus did not appear to take his friend's banter in ill part; on the contrary, the allusion caused him to burst into a loud fit of merriment, which evidently owed its origin to the remark itself, than to some circumstance connected with it; St. Marcel, however, attributing the philosopher's mirth to the sally, joined in it with the heartiness of a man determined to enjoy his own joke, and finally pledged Democritus in a bumper.

"It has often struck me," said he, addressing his philosophic friend, and depositing his goblet upon the bench, across which they were seated, having converted the same to the use of a temporary table, "that thy story must be very diverting! Thou hast not always followed thy present avocation?"

Democritus returned no answer to this indirect question, other than was conveyed by his smile, and the exhibition of his small white hands to the eyes of his interrogator.

"Yes," resumed the latter; "but if thou art of gentle blood, as thou wouldst intimate, a skilful hand is better employed in wielding the sword of thy ancestors than the implements of thy craft."

"My what, friend Marcellus?"

"The implements of thy craft—I mean thy book and basket!"

"My craft, eh, friend Marcellus?" rejoined Democritus, with a look which betrayed some contempt at his companion's lack of penetration.

"Ay, thy craft! Art thou not a chifonnier?"

"Bah!" ejaculated the philosopher, petulantly.

"Well, well, I knew I was mistaken," observed St. Marcel; "and I am glad of it; for although, friend Democritus, I have a very great respect for thee—for thee, mind—thy uniform is not exactly the thing; it quite puts my friendship to the blush."

"It is rather undress, I admit," rejoined the philosopher, coming with ludicrous gravity the numerous rents in his garments; "my shoes, to begin with, are not twins"—he wore a boot and shoe—"then my coat is rather a

loose fit, not like thine, which looks like thine own skin, embroidered." Here Democritus threw up his legs, the exhibition of which, in almost their primitive state, occasioned the friends to indulge in another laugh, which was drowned, like many of its predecessors, in another bumper. "But come," continued he, "I think thou art a right sort of fellow, friend Marcellus; give me thy hand; 'tis long since I met with one so much after my own mind; and since thou art curious to learn my story, I promise to give it thee; but not now, we will choose a more favorable opportunity. Hush! the emperor is going to speak!"

The individual alluded to had been engaged during the above colloquy between St. Marcel and the ragged philosopher in close conversation with some two or three of his associates, which, from the earnestness of their gestures, appeared to be of an important nature; when Democritus spoke, the spy held his hand raised, as if for the purpose of imposing silence; having thus attracted the attention of the majority, he filled a large goblet with wine, and raising it above his head, exclaimed in a sonorous voice:

"Lutetia! Success to her friends—perdition to her foes!" and he emptied the vessel at a draught.

His example was imitated by his companions, and for a few moments nothing was heard save the clashing of pitchers and drinking-cups, intermingled with fifty voices, reiterating the toast:

"Lutetia! Success to her friends—perdition to her enemies!"

Another sign of the hazard, on the part of Jacques, caused silence to reign throughout the hall, which he a second time interrupted:

"Friends," said he, elevating his voice, "are there none here but good and true Lutetians? None but have sworn to observe our laws, and to hold sacred the laws of Lutetia?"

"I have sworn nothing!" shouted St. Marcel, in the midst of the pause that succeeded this allocution; "I acknowledge no laws save those of his most Christian Majesty, Louis Quatorze; and as for keeping the secrets of Lutetia, I had better depart before you divulge them, for if they are against the duty I owe to the laws of my country, I warn you beforehand not to let me into them; for no oath shall bind me to keep them sacred."

There was something so manly and open in this avowal, that from every side burst fresh cries of,

"St. Marcel for ever! Our emperor and Lutetia for ever! Huzza! huzza!"

The object of this compliment meanwhile looked around him in the utmost astonishment, vainly attempting to arrive at the reason of the uproar; Jacques perceived his embarrassment, and once more making himself heard, exclaimed:

"Friends, brother Lutetians, this is well! St. Marcel," continued he, next addressing that individual, "thou seest that we can appreciate a noble spirit. I am thy sponsor here, and will answer to our friends for thy secrecy. Know that we break no established laws—we uphold them; therefore fear not."

"I am satisfied," said Jacques, responded St. Marcel, resuming his seat, and looking forward with some anxiety to the issue of these preliminaries.

"Are there none here but good and true Lutetians?" once more asked the spy; "none but have sworn to observe our laws, and to hold sacred the secrets of Lutetia?"

A dead silence succeeded.

"Then, friends, the sign," resumed the emperor.

Here the fraternity of spies, dividing themselves into sections of three, joined hands in a peculiar manner, and whispering, exchanged certain words constituting their secret token of recognition, which ceremony concluded, they resumed their former position.

There was something imposing in the character of this scene, in the determined silence of that body of men, congregated beneath the very foundations of a large metropolis—there, in that ancient palace, the ruins of a former age, in the heart of the city, crowding the walls of the Caesars of Gaul, which failed not to produce a deep impression upon St. Marcel.

Upon a sign from Jacques, Democritus, assisted by one of his companions, proceeded to clear the table that stood in the middle of the hall; whilst a third, placing at the head thereof a small raised platform, surmounted it with the old carved chair; the spy then seated himself on the throne thus raised, and selecting twelve of the assembled members, these took up their position at the table before him, their companions resuming their respective seats.

"In the name of his most Christian Majesty, Louis Quatorze," said he, in a clear and distinct voice, "I, Julian, elected emperor of the Lutetians, do now call a council for the consideration of the affairs of our state."

"Vive le Grand Monarque! Lutetia for ever!" once more echoed through the ancient halls.

As this sentiment was perfectly loyal, St. Marcel responded to it with an earnestness that fairly rivaled that of his companions; for which demonstration he was immediately rewarded by a look of encouragement from Democritus.

"Fort de Bras," exclaimed Jacques, calling to a short, powerful, square-set man, habited in a smith's apron, dark gray breeches, blue striped stockings and heavy shoes with high heels and buckles, and who had taken up his position in a remote corner, where he had hitherto remained unobserved.

"That's Vulcan," whispered Democritus to his friend, pointing to the individual so designated, as he advanced towards the throne; "the Emperor calls him Fort de Bras because of his strength; he'll tell you an ex with a single blow of his fist."

"He is a smith, if I mistake not," remarked St. Marcel.

"Yes," replied the philosopher; "his forge is in the Rue St. Antoine, not far from the Bastille."

"Well, Fort de Bras," said Jacques; "so thou wert sent for yesterday by St. Marcel?"

"Yes," responded Vulcan, doffing his cap; "and for a job that'll turn out hard enough upon somebody or other, I warrant!"

"Another secret closet?" asked the emperor.

"Why, there was something in that way," resumed the other; "but I wasn't sent for to make another—only to alter the spring of the old one, that's all!"

"But thou didst not do it?" observed Jacques, rather surprised, and marvelling at his recent escape.

"How didst thou know that?" quickly responded Vulcan. "For, as thou sayest, I didn't alter it, because I had to make a new one, which won't be ready till to-morrow."

"Let me see thee after 'tis fixed, Fort de Bras; I shall have word or two to say to thee upon this matter. What else didst thou do?"

"All?" observed that individual with emphasis. "Yes! Only to think that I, Jean Bourliquet," continued he, in a lower tone, as though he were soliloquizing, "should ever come to the torture!"

The emperor repeated the smith's last words with astonishment, which the latter observed, and said:

"Yes, the torture! Isn't it as bad—leading one's hand to a devil's invention like that? And then to think that it's to put a poor fellow creature into—that's the worst of it! However," he did not end the sentence, but the jerk of the head that accompanied it intimated his having attempted to ease his conscience at the expense of St. Marcel's credulity.

Again Jacques repeated the last word, adding "What?" thereto, with a view to induce the smith to continue his narration.

"Why," resumed Bourliquet, "if the poor devil that's confined in it don't find a way to get out and in as he pleases, it's not my fault, that's all!"

"There's a man for thee, whispered Democritus to St. Marcel; "a human heart shut up in an anvil. Here's long life to him!"

This sentiment was honored by an appeal to the pitcher, in which St. Marcel joined.

"What reward did St. Marcel promise thee, Fort de Bras?" demanded the emperor, for this handiwork of thine."

"Twenty crowns when I had completed t'other job, and to shut me up in a cage for a twelvemonth if I didn't hold my tongue; that's all."

"I'll double the sum," cried Fort de Bras, resumed Jacques, with an approving nod, and tendering a hand to the honest artisan.

"If I could think the cage would ever serve St. Marcel," observed the latter, "I'd put in an extra spike at bottom besides a few at top; the devil's own invention it is," saying which he returned to his seat, amidst the greetings of his comrades.

"Sampon le Gros," exclaimed the spy, calling to a second individual, who, on hearing his name mentioned, arose with some difficulty, and with unsteady gait began advancing towards the imperial chair.

"Is Sampon his real name?" asked St. Marcel of his friend, pointing with his chin to the personage he mentioned.

"Yes," replied the philosopher; "and a very good name too. The emperor always him Sampon le Gros, but the others call him Le Gros Sampon. I've christened him Hercules—gentle Hercules!"

"I can understand why thou givest him the name of Hercules," said St. Marcel, eyeing the man from top to toe; "but I see nothing particularly gentle in him."

"Look at him again," retorted his companion.

The subject of their colloquy was meanwhile progressing very slowly and very irregularly towards the council table, smiling and winking at his companions as he passed, who winked and smiled at him in return.

The philosopher did not bestow his names inappropriately, nor, as in this instance, infelicitously, for the individual called Hercules stood at least three inches taller than Jacques, and might have served as a model to the sculptor.

"If St. Marcel does not pay thee for thy work," observed Jacques to the mason, "I will."

"Not a bit of it—no!" retorted the latter; "right is right—no—as we say in Burgundy. He shall pay me yet—no—never fear—no. But there wouldn't be any harm—no—our emperor, in your lending me a few crowns—no—seeing that with such bad customers—no—a man can't get very rich—no!"

"Here are thirty," said the spy, tendering the man the money; "when St. Marcel pays thee thou canst return them."

"Our emperor for ever!" shouted Sampon, spinning round upon one heel.

"Our emperor for ever!"—and only let anybody deny it—no—that's all! I'll make it my business—no. Huzza! hoo, ho! Yup, yep, ya, ya! tra la la! la! la! Obé!"

And indulging in a multiplicity of gyrations upon his own axis, interpreted with a variety of shouts peculiar to his province, the Burgundian returned to his seat, where he shortly after fell asleep.

An individual called Pommer was next summoned before the spy; he was short in stature, but round as a butt, with a face which looked like a full moon laboring under an attack of erysipelas.

"That's the Père Pommer," observed Democritus, whispering as before to his companion, "who keeps the cabaret called the 'Grappe de Raisins,' (Bunch of Grapes), at the corner of the Rue des Tournelles; I call him Bacchus!"

"Anything new, Pommer?" asked Jacques.

"Even in since yesterday morning," replied the man.

"Dost thou know any of them?"

"Only one! poor fellow."

"Who is he?"

"Why, a neighbor of mine: Jean Baptiste Poisson, our grocer; keeps the Sugar-loaf on the Boulevard."

"Hast thou learnt the reason of his imprisonment?"

"Reason! I ask anybody now if there's any reason in sending a man to the Bastille for only speaking his mind to his neighbors?"

"To the point, Père Pommer," exclaimed Jacques.

"I was standing at my door this morning, when I saw the poor fellow go by between a couple of soldiers! Hola! cried I to the wife! if they aren't taking poor Jean Baptiste to the Bastille. And his poor wife, says she to me, that's so near with her second; thou must go to see what it's all about, father! Yes, says I; and so I went! Mustn't give way, says I, dame Poisson, as soon as she saw me; we're men, d'ye see, and it shan't end like this—"

Here arose a murmur of voices that interrupted the vintner in his recital; it was, however, immediately silenced by Jacques, who motioned the narrator to continue.

"I'm sure, says she, wiping her eyes with her apron, and kissing the child, that it's all through the man we saw ye-terday morning; I saw him lock back to Jean Baptiste, and I said then that something bad would come of it. Of what, dame? says I. Of his speaking his mind so freely about the Bastille, says she; he called it a wicked place, and said it ought to be burnt."

Down with the Bastille! Down with the Bastille!" exclaimed a score of voices; but again the spy succeeded in silencing the tumult.

"I say, too," continued the vintner, becoming animated, "it is a disgrace to us to let it stand!"

"And who was the man Jean Baptiste's wife saw?" asked the spy.

"Monsieur D'Argenson," replied Pommer; "for he was soon recognised by the crowd; we are men, and it shan't end like this!"

"No, no!" resumed from every side; "down with the Bastille!"

"No precipitation, friends," exclaimed Jacques, in a loud, authoritative tone of voice; "the Bastille was not built to stand for ever! It must come down; it shall come down; but we must wait."

"Our emperor for ever! Lutetia for ever!" again echoed through the hall; a cry in which St. Marcel joined, so much was he excited by the enthusiasm of the assembled multitude.

"Is this a conspiracy?" said he, addressing Democritus; for, notwithstanding his growing attachment to Lutetia, he had not lost sight of his allegiance to Louis Quatorze.

"If it is," responded the philosopher, "thou knowest as much of it as I do; this is the first I have heard of it."

St. Marcel was on the point of hazarding another question, but was interrupted by the spy, who, in addressing Pommer, said,

"Thou didst not recognize any body else, oh, friend?"

"No!" replied the vintner; "they were all strangers; peaceful-looking citizens; ah, stop! except one, and he was an officer of musketeers; quite a young man."

St. Marcel listened; this was coming nearer home.

"He looked very pale and ill," continued the man; "one would have said he was going in there to die."

"Is St. Lou," muttered St. Marcel, hiding his face in his hands; "the duke has done this."

"I can't think," continued the vintner, "where they put all the prisoners; there's a many more go in than come out, although there's no lack of funerals either."

At this moment a diversion was created by the sudden entry of a tall, slender individual, breathless with haste, and apparently the bearer of some important communication, for he at once made towards Jacques, paying no attention to the numerous greetings which overwhelmed him on his passage.

The philosopher, attracted by St. Marcel's attention—for he remained buried in painful reflection—pointed to the new comer:

"That's our Mercury," said he; "he used to be a running footman in Louis Quatorze's service; but he found our emperor's more profitable. He carries intelligence from one to the other, and I dare say he has not come now for nothing."

"What's the matter, Piednu?" said Jacques to the breathless Mercury.

"It's all found out," responded the latter; "Isaac, the silversmith in the Rue de la Juiverie, has got them all."

"All! all what?"

"The jewels that were stolen from Monsieur le Duc de Chartres' carriage," resumed the man; "and what's more, I've discovered the gang's headquarters; they are assembled there now, and I've come as fast as I could to tell you."

Are there numerous?" asked Jacques.

"Eight! and armed."

"Hast thou anything more to add, friend Piednu?"

"Nothing," answered the man.

"The reward offered for their apprehension shall be thine," said Jacques, "as soon as thou hast shown me their place of meeting."

"I am ready now."

"I am not," responded the spy; "thou must wait for me."

The man bowed, and retired to a seat vacated for him between two of his companions.

"I've got a word or two to say," remarked another man, habited in a military garb, and who stood near the spy; "it mayn't be of much importance, but, by leave, our colonel"—he addressed this title to Jacques—"I'll tell you all the same."

The latter intimated his readiness to hear anything he had to say.

"Well, our colonel, 'tis only a little bit of conversation that I heard this morning, as I was polishing up my accoutrements, just before I set out for Paris; for you must know, colonel, that our captain gave me twenty-four hours leave of absence, and so, as I was saying, I was all ready for the grand march, when who should come in but the lieutenant of police. All at once, whilst he was talking to our captain, there arrives a messenger, full gallop, from the chateau itself; well, he stopped at the cabaret to take a dram, when monsieur ordered out the guard, and tells them to arrest the man! Hullo! I says I; wonder what's amiss; 'tisn't against orders to listen; I'll hide myself. What am I arrested for? says the courier. Search him, says the lieutenant of police. My comrades didn't half like it, for d'ye see the captain ought to have given the word of command, not the other, who's only a lieutenant after all; however, they took away a letter from him, and handed it to monsieur. Thou art come from Versailles? says he to the man. Yes, he answered; short as that! And art going to Paris? Just so! Then monsieur said something to the captain, who ordered the guard to draw up outside, with the prisoner. It was a manoeuvre, d'ye see, to be left alone. Says I to myself, 'tisn't against orders to peep; and so I peeped through the crack of the door just to see what they were about. Who'd believe it! There was monsieur reading the letter, and the captain mounting guard. Well, when he'd read the letter, he folded it up again and fastened the seal, and then the captain called in my comrades again."

"Diest thou learn the name of the party to whom the letter was addressed?" asked Jacques.

"Father Pierre-Simon, at the Archbishopric, Paris," replied the man.

At the mention of this name, the spy became visibly excited; but as though desirous of concealing his emotion, he immediately banished the frown from his brow, at the same time signifying his wish that the soldier should go on.

"As soon as they were drawn up," said he, "Monsieur D'Argenson returns the letter to the courier, and giving him a louis to drink his majesty's health on the road, dismisses him; but when his back was turned, he tells the captain to post ten men on the Versailles road, to watch there for a coach with a capuchin inside, and which would pass through St. Cloud next day at noon."

"Two men?" observed Jacques.

"Aye, colonel; with a lieutenant; and they are to arrest the capuchin, and then to let monsieur know of it."

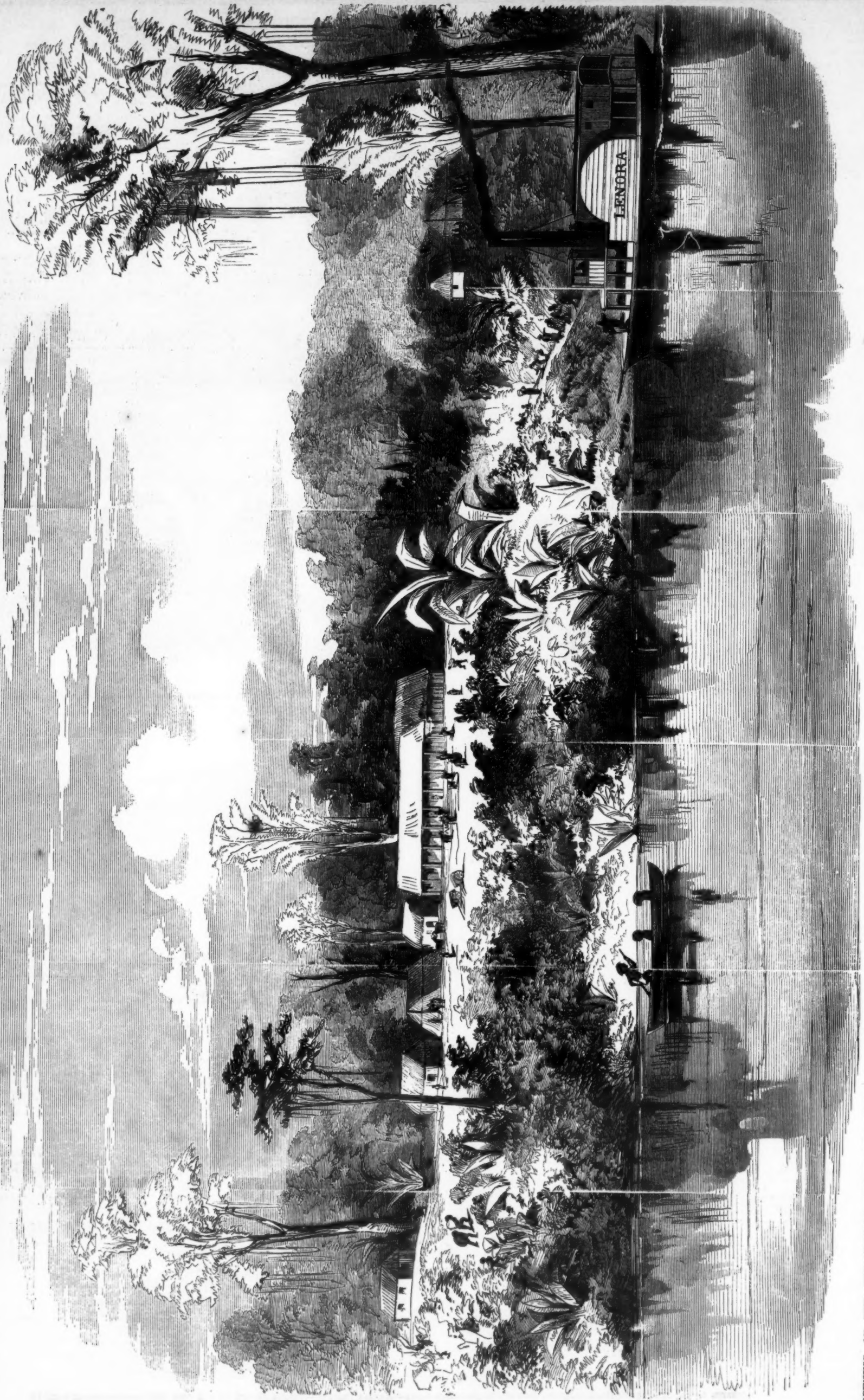
"Good," replied the spy; "are the men any of ours?"

"The lieutenant is not, colonel; but both of the men are."

"Hum! that's fortunate," Jacques muttered. The soldier continued:

"Tisn't against orders to tell what one sees and hears, says I to myself; and so, as soon as the lieutenant was gone, I made the best of my way to Paris."



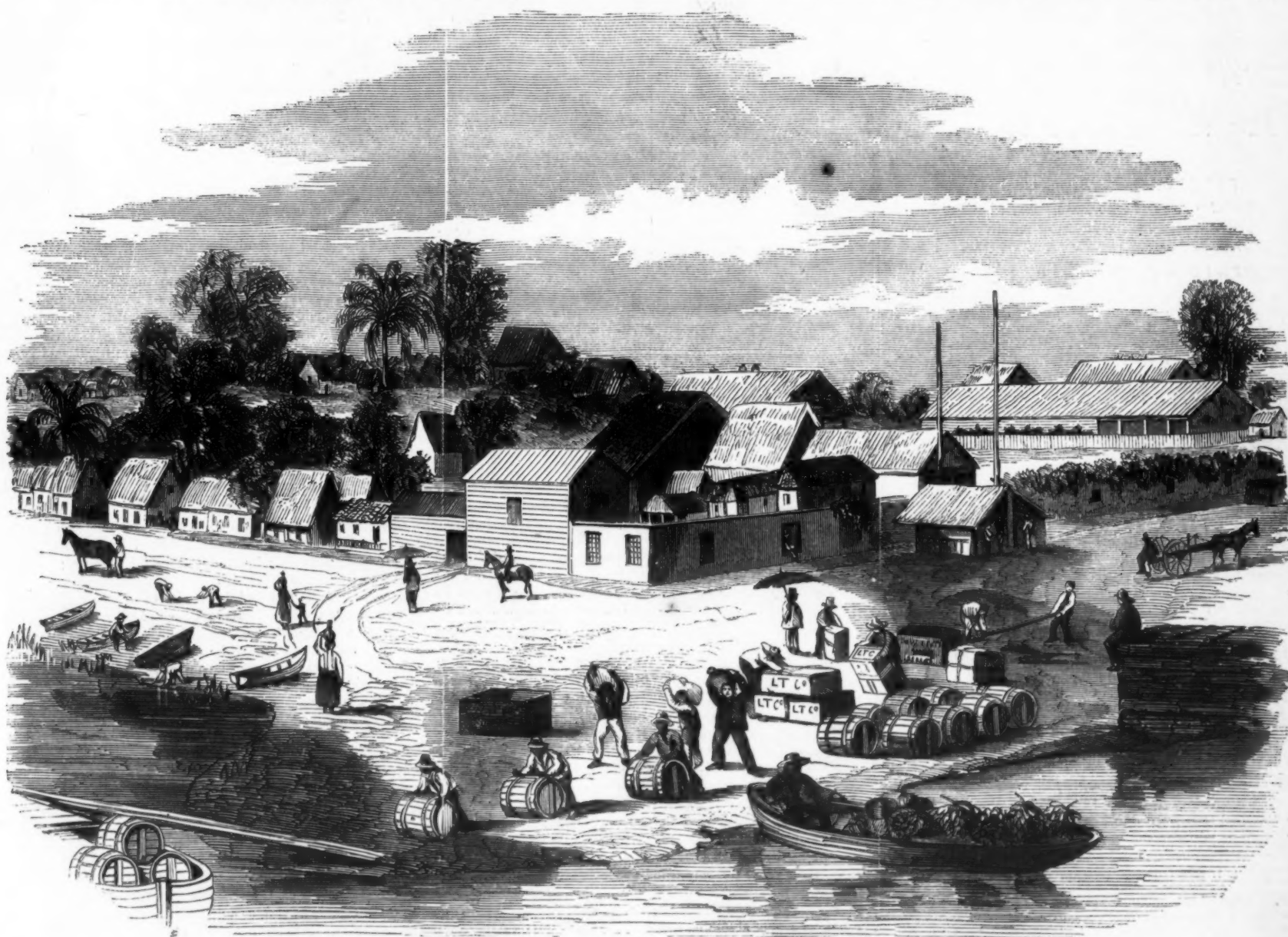


OPENING OF THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE—THE TOWN OF SUCHIL, ON THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER, MEXICO—STARTING OF THE ENGINEERS TO COMMENCE THE ROAD.—FROM A SKETCH, BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 28.





OPENING OF THE TRANSIT ROUTE—CAMPING GROUND OF EMPLOYEES OF THE TEHUANTEPEC COMPANY, NEAR MINATITLAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 28.



OPENING OF THE TRANSIT ROUTE—MINATITLAN, ON THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER—LOADING FREIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 28.



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a few words to say about our past success and present prospects.  
First, to

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we would say that we have fulfilled our promises to put forward  
our best energies to make our paper worthy of their continued  
patronage. We do not arrogate too much to ourselves when we  
say that the Six Volumes of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER al-  
ready issued give evidence of untiring industry, unflinching  
energy and an enterprise that is only bounded by our means,  
and these, as the result proves, are by no means small. We have  
succeeded in transferring to our columns every occurrence which  
has since become a matter of history, almost as soon as they trans-  
pired, and our pages are filled with portraits of our eminent men,  
our splendid ships and ocean steamers, our public buildings,  
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scope of information as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
or presents such information so vividly before the public as  
we by our illustrations are enabled to do. It is this fact which  
renders our paper the only true historical record of the times. In  
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of the Day are ably discussed; the Tales are of a high literary  
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description. We afford but little space to advertising, which ren-  
ders the medium more valuable, and during these holiday times  
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TORIAL, price Six Cents, is now ready, and can be had of all the  
News Agents throughout the country.

## What is the Credit Mobilier?

THIS, as one of the thousand terms in daily use, is perhaps as  
little understood as it is possible for any item of importance to  
be. In these days, when the operations of a great financier as-  
sume as much prominence before the world as the movements  
of a general in the field, it behoves every man, in guarding his  
own interests, to know what is doing in the money world.

The institution whose name heads this article, and to whose  
movements the financial public are looking with great interest, is  
a chartered company of the city of Paris, under a decree of the  
Imperial Government, given somewhere in the latter part of the  
year 1852, under the title of "La Société Generale de Credit  
Mobilier." It is a bank of moveable capital, not to discount, but  
to achieve the same object by another means.

When the charter was given to the Credit Mobilier, it was a  
fact apparent that no room existed for another bank of discount.  
The Bank of Paris, and the Comptoir d'Escompte, already sup-  
plied this necessity in full. It was therefore ostensibly given for  
the loaning of money to promote great national works of every  
nature, either industrial or for railroads, mining or canal pur-  
poses; their claim was patriotism, while the opposers of the  
scheme characterized it as a speculation of Government, weak in  
its construction, and false in its financial doctrine. As the Credit  
Mobilier has existed six years, without any outward show of its  
venality, it is but fair to presume on its success as a speculation,  
if not as a standard operation, and as such look into its con-  
struction.

The actual capital of the Credit Mobilier is twelve millions of  
dollars in shares of one hundred dollars each, payable to bearer,  
that they may be transferable without entering on the books of  
the company, or in other words, useable, as a note of hand, or  
other document immediately negotiable. On the principle of  
limited liability, they have the privilege of making obligations  
for ten times the amount of their capital, or, for one hundred and  
twenty millions of dollars, by the issue of drafts or credits of any  
moveable nature, only with the reservation that such obligations  
shall not be payable in less than one year, for over double the  
amount of capital; and as the being subjected to the same conse-  
quences as an ordinary bank of deposit, which, in a panic, is  
liable to be run by depositors, would, to the Credit Mobilier, be  
fraught with peculiar danger, deposits on call cannot be over  
five thousand dollars from any individual or company.

The company is composed of a president and two vice-presi-  
dents, elected annually by the shareholders, with fifteen directors,  
of whom three go out every year.

A general meeting is held once a year, and a report made for  
shareholders. Every six months a report must be made of its  
operations and position to the Minister of the Interior, the Chief  
of Police and the other Departments, while the Minister of  
Finance can demand a statement whenever he pleases.

Of the profits, five per cent. must be paid to shareholders first,  
then five per cent. to a reserve fund, after which the balance, if  
there be any, may be divided among the shareholders and direc-  
tors. The amount of this division may be judged when it is  
understood that in 1855 the profits were five millions of dollars,  
or forty-four per cent.; in 1856, twenty-five per cent.; and since  
that time proportionably great.

It will naturally be asked from whence do these great profits  
come, and are they legitimate? Of their legitimacy we will leave  
the world to judge. The sources of their derivation are—From  
the purchase of stock in railway companies, canals, mines, or such  
other institutions as require aid in carrying out their schemes;  
or, in other words, advancing money to, and sustaining the credit  
of such works as bid fair to be profitable, but lack funds to end  
their beginnings; to collect for companies, pay their coupons or  
dividends, and execute their financial business generally.

The Credit Mobilier, to simplify the matter, stands precisely in  
the position of a capitalist who, noticing that a storekeeper lacks the  
money that would enable him to do a profitable business, steps in  
as a silent partner, backing him with funds, increasing the net  
per centage of his gains, and sharing accordingly. Whether this  
be false finance can only be decided on the long stretch, not by  
the immense profits of one or two years. One thing must be clear  
to every capacity, that is, the mere fact of the capitalist bringing  
his money to bear on the struggling storekeeper must raise the  
credit of the latter, and, as a natural sequence, give him so much  
more wealth. It is by this policy the Credit Mobilier creates its  
great profits. The stock that in one day struggles in a declining  
market, under the whisper of aid from its all powerful purse,  
goes up to its par value, or as much above it as the imagination



of the operators sanction. We admit this to be a powerful agent for speculation, but it might also be made a powerful agent for good.

### The Unco Pious and the Players.

We are unable to make room for our friend "Joe Bagstock's" remarks upon a very unseemly controversy now raging in the public prints, in which the famous tragedian, Mr. Davidge, is the Benicia Boy, the part of John Morrissey being sustained, with his usual pugnacity, by the Rev. Mr. Strickland, formerly an eminent ornament of the stage. We ourselves are not disposed to adopt the flippant tone assumed by our lively contributor, himself a dramatist and actor, and therefore suggest to both these ultra gentlemen the propriety of moderating their belligerent propensities. Mr. Davidge is in error when he says that the clergy denounce the drama; it is only a few of those "unco righteous" Puritans, since the most eminent of our living divines have long ago acknowledged its power as an organ of morality. Drs. Bellows and Hawks have publicly endorsed its utility, and we think it unfair to the clergy to hold them responsible for the opinions of such gentlemen as Dr. Corey and Strickland, who were once actors themselves, and who, with all the energy of new converts, suffer their zeal to outrun their discretion.

It is distasteful to us, and to all those who reverence our religious institutions, to be told that clergymen have been hanged, or that players deserve to be, and we think that both the tragedian and the Puritan divine descend from the dignity of their respective positions to pelt one another with mud in the public streets.

The pulpit and the stage are equally instruments of civilization, and both can boast names which are an honor to human nature. It is, however, a mistake of Mr. Davidge to class such giants of intellect as *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles* and *Milton* with the modern playwrights. The dramas of the former were grand hymns, teaching obedience to the gods and reverence for virtue, while that trash of the day called original plays are mere debauchers of the public morals. Scenes in which the rout and the spendthrift are universally rewarded with the imaginary affections of the best-looking actress in the company, and where the kicking of an honest but perhaps unreasonable tailor, who has the misfortune to ask for his money, is always received with shouts of applause. We agree with our friend, Joe Bagstock, that the stage has done more to ruin tailors and bootmakers than any other profession, but this is an evil that will wear out, like the boots and breeches themselves.

We dismiss this subject, trusting that both professions will regard each other with more charity.

They are most certainly placed in an unenviable position: one is required always to live, act, talk and walk as though they were inspired undertakers, marching solemnly behind the funeral car of daily life, and deprived, by an unwise and narrow-minded asceticism, of those necessary and consequently innocent recreations which are indispensable to the sound mind and sound body. Without going to the extent of our correspondent, that a clergyman's life would drive him mad in a month, we may admit that it appears to require more gravity and self-denial than is usually bestowed upon man.

Under these circumstances the player should make great allowances for the formality of a Puritan, who considers himself a sort of model to show how beautifully gravity fits, just as dummies are put up in tailors' stores to show off a suit of broadcloth to the best advantage.

On the other hand, this ultra class of the clergy should regard with equal toleration the wear and tear of an actor's life. Hard as it is to affect a gravity we do not feel, it is still harder to assume a gaiety and facetiousness on a moment's notice. It is like *Damocles* with the sword hanging over his head being told to sing a comic song. How can a man make his audience roar with laughter in the "Toodles," when he knows his Croton is cut off at home, and that the butcher and baker, those *Sepoys* of life, are in a state of obstinate revolt?

Even if his circumstances are affluent, the strain upon his nervous system is excessive, and requires a stimulant to sustain exhausted nature. It should also never be forgotten that if visiting the theatre consecutively several nights throws a lassitude over our frame, what must not the effects be upon those who perform every night for months in succession?

We conclude by saying to both Puritan and Player, ye are brothers. Each has his part to play in God's drama—human life; and in the words of that great doctor of divinity, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women only players."

So go, Brothers Strickland and Davidge, play a game of leap-frog, get up a healthier circulation in your veins, and discontinue firing paper pellets.

### Important to Billiard Players.

FRANK LESLIE has the pleasure of informing the Billiard Players of the United States, that he has made arrangements with MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq., the acknowledged Billiard Champion of the United States, to edit a column devoted to that noble game, to be published every week in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Each article will be illustrated with diagrams of "new shots" and combinations, and for the special benefit of novices in the game, we shall publish diagrams illustrating the art of playing billiards from the first moment of taking a cue in hand, through all the gradations up to perfection in the art.

We shall commence this popular series of articles for the people immediately, and we invite players in all sections of the country to send us diagrams of remarkable shots and new combinations, which will be submitted to Mr. Phelan, and if approved, published.

### Passing Notices.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW PRESS.—The new press just built for Frank Leslie by Mr. Andrew Campbell, 43 Centre street, is, beyond a doubt, one of the most desirable and thoroughly excellent presses yet built. It works to a marvel; it is solid and durable; and it has mechanical conveniences which must render it acceptable to every printer. The inking apparatus is undoubtedly more perfect than any now in existence. The fly, by merely altering an index point, is instantly adapted to suit any size of sheet. This is a con-

venience which printers will at once recognize. The *spring* is also entirely new. Mr. Campbell has made a great hit in this new press, and we call the attention of all interested in the subject to this triumph of mechanical ingenuity.

AN IRON POLICE.—Whole pages of the police books of our city are daily filled with the details of burglaries, and the morning papers recently announced no less than eleven of these outrages committed in New York and Brooklyn in one night. It is customary, but hardly fair, considering the inadequacy of the force to the duties devolved upon it, to attribute the frequency of house and store robberies to want of vigilance on the part of the police. Eleven hundred policemen, even supposing them to be models of efficiency, cannot properly guard the large area upon which this city stands; and yet how can we, with any show of consistency, demand an augmentation of the force when seven-eighths of us neglect to adopt the most obvious means of self-protection, nay, almost offer a premium to felony by leaving our goods and chattels with no better safeguards than locks which may be picked with a bent nail, or of which impressions may be taken by any loafer who comes to our doors under pretence of soliciting work or of asking charity? For thus leaving our property at the mercy of robbers there is no excuse whatever. We have seen, within a day or two, at Valentine & Butler's, 337 Broadway, a patent rotary lock, which we are satisfied is invulnerable to thieves. It can neither be blasted with powder, picked, nor cut, is opened by the pressure of a key scarcely heavier than a dime, is handsome in appearance, moderate in price, and in all respects, as far as we can judge, the best door lock ever invented. With one of these locks on each outer door, and all the valuables of the household enclosed in one of Valentine & Butler's Patent Fire and Burglar Proof Family Safes, a householder may consider himself under the guardianship of an iron police, as capable of resisting burglars and incendiaries as it is inaccessible to bribery and corruption. We have used this lock for some time, and find that it comes up to all it professes, and we consider it by far the safest lock yet invented and a lied to a street or other door.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is the title a new musical weekly publication, issued by Seymour & Co., 13 Frankfort street. This is intended for a cheap publication, and it fulfils its intention, as we shall show. In the first place, it is only ten cents per number of sixteen pages, full music sheet size, and contains and will contain pianoforte solos, duets, songs, operatic arias, polkas, mazourkas, quadrilles, waltzes, and every other species of music for voice and piano. The paper is excellent, the type large and clear, and the price only ten cents.

The publication states that, "By subscribing to 'Our Musical Friend,' an accumulation of new and fashionable music will be obtained, which could not in any other way be procured without an expenditure of at least two hundred dollars." This is a chance which our readers should not neglect. The contents of No. 1 are selections from "Don Giovanni," for piano; Irish song, "I'm not Myself at All," S. Lover; and the Wallenstein polka.

OPENING OF GURNEY'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC AND FINE ART GALLERY.—Mr. Gurney, who is one of our oldest and most eminent Daguerreotype and Photographic Artists, has opened a new and splendid suite of rooms at No. 707 Broadway, one block below the New York Hotel. This, his new establishment, is really magnificent in all its appointments and details, and extensive as it is, it is not a whit too large for the enormous business which he is at present doing. Mr. Gurney's fame is wide spread, and his Gallery is sought after by strangers from every section of the country. His work is always admirably artistic, and, indeed, it is hard to conceive anything finer than the Photographs or Daguerreotypes executed at Gurney's establishment.

Our readers should visit Mr. J. Gurney's New Rooms, Reception Room, Exhibition Gallery, Daguerreotype Operating Rooms, Photograph Operating Rooms, Artist's Studio of Oil Paintings and Pastel Studio. It is an establishment well worth seeing, and will surely become the headquarters of fashion and business. The evening previous to the opening of the Gallery was the occasion of a pleasant gathering of Mr. Gurney's friends.

THE RANNEY EXHIBITION.—We are glad to record that the leading artists of New York have contributed each an original painting to be exhibited at the National Academy of Design, towards raising a fund for Mrs. Ranney, the widow of the well-known artist, and her fatherless children. These, added to Mr. Ranney's own paintings, will form a most interesting gallery of about two hundred and fifty pictures, and as every artist of note has generously contributed one specimen of his style, it will be one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season. As it will only last two weeks, we advise every lover of the fine arts to pay it an immediate visit. At the close of the exhibition the whole will be sold for the benefit of Mrs. Ranney and her family. That admirable artist and kind-hearted man, Charles L. Elliott, has been very earnest in this good work; indeed, all have nobly come forward.

### LITERATURE.

*The Chronicles of the Bastille.* Illustrated. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

This most remarkable book presents, probably, the most correct and vivid picture yet portrayed by pen of the times and characters of the reign of the French monarchs, from Louis XIV. to Louis XVI. and the Reign of Terror, when rapine, murder and every species of crime ran riot in the streets of Paris and throughout the entire kingdom. With the period thus embraced, the Bastille, that prison of terror and horrors, was so intimately connected, that it may be said to have been one of the chief actors in the drama of the times, and its destruction was the finale to the first act in the bloody tragedy which followed the event.

The author has interwoven a life romance with the historical facts of the period, and has, by the aid of a cleverly managed mystery, worked out a tale of singular interest and thrilling excitement. The private history, the sorrows and persecutions of the fictitious personages, arrest the attention and absorb the sympathy of the reader, while the real characters and the startling acts of that eventful period impart a *verisimilitude* to the whole story that fascinates the imagination, and keeps the curiosity and excitement unflagging to the end.

The description of Old Paris is admirably faithful, and the whole structure of the terrible Bastille is made clear to all, both by description and by illustration. The reader, indeed, cannot fail to become perfectly familiar both with the exterior and interior of this famous instrument of revenge and wrong, in the hands of the tyrant despots of France and their unscrupulous tools. The organizations, the secret societies and clubs, which were then rife all over the country, but more especially in Paris, are made to play their part in the great drama, in which also the notorious fraternity of the *Laetians* performed no insignificant rôle.

In every way the "Chronicles of the Bastille" is a remarkable book; it is equally a romance and a history, and cannot fail to create a great excitement, and command a vast sale and corresponding popularity. Its republication in our columns has proved highly acceptable to our readers, and with each succeeding chapter the interest deepens and increases. The book is illustrated by a large number of spirited and characteristic engravings, which add not a little to its interest. It is powerfully and eloquently written, and with that attention to detail which is so necessary to a clear understanding of the characters and manners of a past century. To all who admire the real and the fictitious in their most remarkable developments, we cordially commend the "Chronicles of the Bastille."

*The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, Esq.—Together with his Opinion on Matrimony.* By Judge HALLIBURTON. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street.

The reputation of the works of Judge Halliburton is so world-wide, that nothing more is needed than to announce the fact of another book by him and to give the title. The public will take note and purchase. "Sam Slick" has become a sort of household word, and in his quaint anecdotes and peculiar sayings there is a world of practical good sense and wisdom, both morally and

politically. The book before us is equal to the best of the Slick sayings, containing a fund of amusement which always cleverly involves a moral, pointed and unmistakable. It will doubtless be widely read, and will take its place in every library beside the kindred works from the pen of Judge Halliburton.

*Oriental Tales of Fairy Land.* New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

This little volume contains some thirty pleasant and amusing tales, written in the Oriental style, combining the interest of the marvellous and the supernatural with a high moral purpose—presenting to the reader at once romance and reality—delighting the imagination and touching the heart. They are, in fact, a series of moral illustrations on various subjects, worked up into such pleasing forms that those who have a confirmed dislike to lectures in any form swallow these with as pleasurable a sensation as the child does the sugar-coated pill. They may be read with profit and pleasure by the young and the old. The "Oriental Tales of Fairy Land" will be an acceptable Christmas present or New Year's souvenir. It is illustrated by wood engravings.

### MUSIC.

*Piccolomini in Lucrezia Borgia.*—It needs only to see Piccolomini in such characters as *Lucrezia Borgia*, to form a just estimate of her genius. Physically she is unfitted for such parts, both in stature and in voice, but her genius overcomes all difficulties, and her conception of the character rises a' most into sublimity from the intense earnestness of her nature. It is true she does not sing the music as it is written—that she substitutes effective cadences which she can do for those which she cannot do—that her passion is muttered and biased out in whispers instead of shouted at the top of her voice, and still for all this, Piccolomini's *Lucrezia* is a representation of high artistic ability, and adds to her well-earned reputation.

The loss said about the rest of the opera the better. Ghioni was unfitted for the contralto part of Orsini, Tamara was sick, and Formes admirable but in parts.

This evening (Wednesday), is the last appearance of Piccolomini, with the exception of Monday next, when she takes her first and farewell benefit. She will have an overflowing demonstration.

### DRAMA.

*Laura Keene's Theatre.*—The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is in preparation, and will be produced in a style of unexampled magnificence. In the meantime, "Our American Cousin" fills the house.

*Wallack's Theatre.*—"Going to the Bad" and "Blue and Cherry" have been performed here every night to crowded houses. The "Merchants of Venice" is in preparation, in an unusual style of splendor. It will be performed as written by Shakespeare.

*Barnum's Museum.*—The entertainments here comprise a variety seldom equalled even at this model of amusement. The advertisement will, however, supply the particulars.

### COUNT MONTALEMBERT AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE great European event of the day is the prosecution of Count Montalembert by the French Government. As it is not impossible this event may lead to the most important consequences, we give a synopsis of its cause. The Count wrote an article on India and England, which was published in the *Correspondant*. This attracted so much attention that the Emperor resolved on seizing the journal, and on prosecuting the Count and his publisher. A few sentences extracted from the article will give our readers a fair idea of its general tenor. The Count, while "giving vent to the just indignation so properly excited by the excessive severity of the punishments which the English inflict on the conquered insurgents and prisoners," pays some very high compliments to the free institutions of Britain, drawing very unfavorable comparisons with France. He says:

"When my ears are dinned sometimes with the buzz of the antechamber chroniclers, sometimes with the clamor of fanatics who believe themselves to be our masters, and of hypocrites who fancy us their dupes; when I feel stifled beneath the weight of an atmosphere loaded with servile and corrupted effluvia, I hasten away to breathe a purer air, and take a life-bath in free England. The last time I gave myself this consolation, chance served me well; I alighted in the very midst of one of those great and glorious contests where all the resources of intelligence, and all the movements of a great people's conscience, play their part; where the greatest problems that can agitate a nation no longer in tutelage are proposed for solution in the broad face of day, by the agency of powerful intellects; where men and things, parties and individuals, orators and writers, the depositories of power and the organs of opinion, are called upon to reproduce in the heart of a new Rome the picture once traced by a Roman, and still inspired with emotions of the Forum: 'Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate, notes atque dies niti prestante labore, ad summas emergere opes rerumque poriri.' At these words I see from this distance how certain brows become overcast, and how that repugnance is depicted on them with which the followers of the fashion of the day are animated towards everything having the semblance of a souvenir, or a regret for a past political life."

In another passage, after attending a Parliamentary debate on India, he says:

"I came forth from this august spectacle full of emotion, as might any man who looks to a Government as something above a lacquey's waiting-room, and who seeks in a civilized nation something better than a flock of sheep only fit for the shears, or to be led to nibble in silence under the shadow of an evernerving security."

Here we have French and English policy contrasted:

"It would be the acme of unreason and injustice were we to regard England as the only guilty nation, or as the guiltiest among the nations of the earth. Her policy is neither more egotistical nor more immoral than that of other great States of ancient and modern history. I believe it would even be possible to prove a thesis just the reverse. It is not charity, but well-ordered justice, that begins at home, and upon this ground no French publicist has a right to fall foul of England's policy before he has stated his opinion of the crimes committed by French policy during the Revolution and the Empire, and not such as its adversaries represent it, but such as its apologists describe it—M. Thiers, for instance. You may search among the most suspected dark corners of English diplomacy, but in vain, for you will find nothing there to resemble, even remotely, the destruction of the Republic of Venice or the murderous ambuscades of Bayonne."

Then contrasting the colonial policy of England in both hemispheres with that of Spain, M. de Montalembert says:

"Does not history cry out to her with a voice of thunder—Cain what hast thou done with thy brother? What hast thou done with the inheritance of Columbus confided to thy care? What has Portugal done with the rich reversion of Albuquerque? Go gauge the depth of her decrepitude at Goa! You will there find what are the final fruits of absolute Government in the colonies as well as in the respective mother countries."

All throughout the count belabors the ignoble scribes "who interlard visions of the Virgin with scurrilous invectives against the grandeur of Great Britain." And, "returning to France," says he, "I find in *L'Univers*, 23d of May, 1858, Parliamentary Government styled a farce, with scenic decorations. Happy country and happy clergy, whose organ gives such sound information in such decorous phraseology!"

The editor of the journal and the author of the article are accused 1. Of an attack on the principle of Universal Suffrage, and on the rights and authority which the Emperor holds from the constitution; 2. Of an attack upon the respect due to the laws; 3. Of exciting to hatred and contempt of the Emperor's Government; 4. Of having endeavored to disturb the public peace by exciting the citizens to mutual hatred and contempt; crimes provided against and punished by the Articles 1, 4 and 7 of the Decree of August 11, 1848, by 1 and 3 of the Law of July 27, 1849.

A Country School Teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions, and answers to the questions, which he would put to them on examination day. The day came and so came the young hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places, as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question came for the absence, when the teacher asked,

"In whom do you believe?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"

"No," said the pupil, amid roars of laughter, "the boy who believes in the church hasn't come to school to-day; he is at home sick abed."





SCENE FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN," THE NEW PLAY AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE. TABLEAU, END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## SCENES FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN."

THIS lively play, by Tom Taylor, has had a prodigious run at Laura Keene's Theatre, and is still played to crowded houses. The humor of the play lies in the adventures of a young down-easter, Asa Trenchard, who visits England for the purpose of making the acquaintance of certain cousins of his, when the scrapes he falls into are mirth-provoking beyond power of human resistance. On reaching the residence of his cousin, Sir Edward Trenchard, he throws Binney, the butler, into ecstasies of horror by his familiarity and slang, shocks or amuses the world of fashion by his breaches of etiquette, and brings the whole establishment to his room by his shouts on entering a shower bath and pulling the string—which feat he performs under the impression that he is going to ring the bell. Of course he falls in love with his cousin, Florence Trenchard (Miss Laura Keene), who has an admirer in the person of Lord Dundreary (Mr. Sothorn), who is much given to sneezing, a pastime in which he takes excessive delight, and of course—but we do not propose to tell the story of the play. The character of Asa Trenchard is admirably performed by Mr. Jefferson.

## THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

THIS Transit Route across the Central American Isthmus having been successfully opened, and attracting much attention from the public of the United States, we are pleased to be able to lay



SCENE FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." MISS FLORA TRENCHARD AND LORD DUNDREARY.

before our readers illustrations of the various points upon the route, from sketches drawn on the spot expressly for this paper.

The Transit Route commences at the little town of Suchil, one hundred and twenty miles up the Coatzacoalcas River, from which place a carriage road is made to Ventosa, a point on the Pacific coast, some fifteen miles from the city of Tehuantepec. The steamers from New Orleans ascend the Coatzacoalcas as far as Minatitlan, a little town some twenty miles from its mouth, and there the freights and passengers are transferred to a steamer of lesser draught, which takes them the rest of the way to Suchil.

Our correspondent writes: I send you a view of our first camping ground since leaving New York in the barque Rapid, Captain Marchebalk, which carried out the first detachment of laborers, engineers, &c., from New York in July last. The camp was situated about one half mile east of Minatitlan, on a ridge which has been selected as the site of a new town. It was a beautiful and airy spot, surrounded by a grove of mango, orange and lemon trees, but its *agréments* were sadly interfered with by the clouds of mosquitoes, which attacked us the moment that we were settled there. The men in camp suffered greatly, their hands and faces were swollen by the bites of these ravenous *rodadores*, or vagabonds, as the natives call them; but I was one of the lucky few who were provided with mosquito bars, and so escaped all but their ceaseless hum.

The first tent on the left was my quarters, and is called the Commissary's Tent. The next was occupied by Mr. Carey, and the third by Mr. Hyatt all from New York city. About one hundred and sixty New Yorkers were located at this camp, where we remained five days, before going up the river.

Close by our camp was the town or village of Minatitlan, which forms the head of navigation on the Coatzacoalcas for vessels of large draught. Like all small towns in Mexico, it is principally composed of Indian huts, built of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves. There are no prominent buildings in the town but a long wall which you will see in front is the foundation for a store to be built by the firm of Welch & Allen, of whom the latter is United States Consul here. The two flagstaves on the right are American, and that on the left belongs to the Mexican Custom House. The long building on the right belongs to a wealthy French lady (now in the United States), who owns the "white town" and territory for several miles around. The wooden building at the end of the wall on the left is the depot of the La Tehuantepec Company. The town is a place of considerable importance commercially, and is rapidly becoming Americanized. The regulations of the Custom House are very unsatisfactory, as exorbitant duties are levied on American merchandise. Calico pays a duty of six and a quarter cents per yard; sheeting four and a half cents, and so with other articles. A paper of pins is sold at retail here for one dollar!

On the 24th of August we left our camping ground, and proceeded up the Coatzacoalcas to Suchil. The Coatzacoalcas is, indeed, a beautiful river, and worthy of the praises bestowed upon it. It runs, for the most part, through a thick, dense forest of mahogany, palm, cypress, cedar, hazel-wood, balsam, cane, &c., &c., all of the most delicate texture, and for the most part so sweetly scented that a constant perfume pervades the air. Lower down towards the mouth the coast is low and apparently marshy, but reclaimed by good levees. The lands, inexhaustibly rich, would be the best for rice and sugar culture in the world. Above the banks are higher, and the country one hard, unbroken savanna, equally rich, and admirably adapted to the growth of the orange, lemon, pineapple, coffee, tobacco, maize, and every other tropical grain and fruit.

The channel of the Coatzacoalcas is, on an average, about two hundred yards in width, with plenty of water, most of the dis-

tance, for common steamboats. It reminds me very much, throughout its course, of the Alabama. The time consumed by the passage up is from thirteen to fifteen hours; down, it is made in eight or ten.

Suchil, October 8th.—This is the head of navigation on the Coatzacoalcas, and is situated one hundred and twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. It is exclusively an American town. The operations of the La Tehuantepec Company commence here on land, as the carriage road to Ventosa Bay starts from this point. The long buildings seen in the centre of the drawing are the storehouses of the Company, and that on the extreme left is a hotel, kept by a citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. The building in the rear is the house of Colonel Pratt, the principal edifice in Suchil.

The distance from this point to Ventosa Bay is one hundred and seventeen miles, and about one hundred miles from the city of Tehuantepec.

The steamer at the bank is the Lenora, a wretched old boat, which was chartered to bring us up from Minatitlan, as the company's steamer, which was expected there for the purpose, was lost on the Campeachy banks. The Lenora is now replaced by the steamer Jessup, from New Orleans.



SCENE FROM "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." ASA TRENCHARD AND THE BUTLER.



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 ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.  
 To every tailor, seamstress, dressmaker, and each large family in the country, one of these machines would be valuable.  
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 Watches cleaned and repaired in the best manner by the finest London and Geneva workmen.  
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**IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES**  
 And Combination Cushions.  
 Protected by letters patent, dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 28, 1856; Dec. 3, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858 (two of this date). The recent improvements in these tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to the scientific billiard-player as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any billiard table. Salesrooms, Nos. 786 and 788 Broadway. New York Manufactory, No. 53 Ann st.

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**ROSEBUDS AT FIFTY CTS. PER GROSS.**  
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 Among the diseases that this Pill has cured with astonishing rapidity, we may mention  
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 Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass, and sold by every respectable Druggist in New England and throughout the United States. 157-158

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 Venison, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Espergoes, Waiters, Liquor Stands, Castors, Cake Baskets, Salad Stands, Tea and Coffee Sets, Urns, Water Kettles, &c., &c., of JAMES DIXON & SONS and other makers, at the Lowest Prices, at  
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 Ivory and Colored Handles of every description, of the Best Makers, English and American, at the Lowest Prices, at  
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 Dishes of all kinds, Fire-irons and Stands, Copper, Brass and Iron Coal Scuttles, Pokers, Tonges, &c., &c., at the Lowest Prices, at  
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**GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP**  
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**SHERIDAN AND BEAUTY—WOMEN AND FORTUNE.**  
 Sheridan said beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of woman depends the wisdom of man. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men." As true as the above sentiment is, and as beautifully as it is presented by the brilliant and eloquent Richard Brinsley Sheridan, equally true is it that money is another great power in the universe of man, besides woman. There are various ways to win a woman, as there are divers ways to make a fortune. Among the last, one of the most attractive is to send \$10, \$5 or \$2½ to S. SWAN & CO., Augusta, Ga., who will send you by return of mail a Ticket in their legalized Lottery, which will insure your chances for the whole, half or quarter of their capital price of \$40,000. 158





GENT ON HORSEBACK—"Get out of the way, boy! get out of the way!—my horse don't like donkeys."  
BOY—"Don't he?—then why don't he kick these orf?"

#### OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT.

### J. GURNEY'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC AND FINE ART GALLERY,

No. 707 BROADWAY, FIRST FLOOR BELOW NEW YORK HOTEL.  
In announcing the opening of a new Photographic and Fine Art Gallery, Mr. Gurney desires to call the attention of the public to a few facts.

That he is the oldest established Daguerreotypist in the United States.

That his rooms were first opened in the year 1840, at a time when the art was in its infancy, and previous to the existence of any other establishment now in existence; and that during a period of eighteen years he has devoted his entire attention to the perfection of the Photographic Art, and has advanced from time to time large sums of money to assist others in demonstrating their supposed discoveries.

That he has spared neither time nor expense in accomplishing this design, and now, thanks to the correct judgment of an appreciative community, he can truthfully say that he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Desirous of keeping pace with the improvements of the age, and rendering every convenience to his patrons, he has, at great expense, fitted up a new establishment, which, he believes, in elegance and convenience, surpasses any other in the world, occupying the new white marble building, No. 707 Broadway, built expressly to accommodate his interesting business, and for the further advancement of the Photographic Art.

Passing through the RECEPTION ROOM, on the first floor, you ascend ONE FLOOR OF STAIRS to the EXHIBITION GALLERY,

containing a large collection of Photographs, finished in every style and size; among which are those of some of the most eminent and celebrated persons of the day.

In order to render the Gallery as attractive as possible Mr. Gurney has adorned one entire wall with the productions of some of the best American and foreign landscape painters.

DAGUERRETYPE OPERATING ROOMS.  
These have been arranged under the personal supervision of Mr. Gurney, on an entire new principle, combining all that is necessary to make this department perfect.

PHOTOGRAPH OPERATING ROOMS.  
This portion of the establishment has also been under the direct control of Mr. Gurney, who was the first to introduce the new styles and improvements in Photography. Of course there may be many imitators in the Art, as there are charlatans in the work of every scientific discovery, but Mr. Gurney merely refers to his pictures as evidence of their superiority over those of any others.

ARTISTS' STUDIO OF OIL PAINTINGS.  
This is the highest branch of all, where artists of the first distinction labor for the perfection of art—where, day after day, the portrait of some person is set forth to perpetuate fading beauty. It may be safely stated that these pictures will compare with the productions of the best European artists.

PASTEL STUDIO.  
This is the studio where the unfinished Photograph receives its life-like colors, and where, by the most delicate process, the picture increases in correctness and beauty at each touch. Pastel is not exactly painting in water colors, but the stick of hardened paint is used as a brush, and requires the finest pencilling. It is an interesting process, and one which will repay a visit.

Besides these departments there are many others devoted to the minor branches of the business, such as preparing plates, which require a thorough knowledge of the principles of aquatint and plating.

The particular styles of pictures which Mr. Gurney is now producing are as follows:

PHOTOGRAPHS,  
From Miniature to Life Size, finished in Oil, Pastel, Water Colors, India Ink and Crayon, by a corps of talented Artists.

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Retouched and Plain Photographs.

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For Beauty, Delicacy and Finish, are unequalled.

DAGUERRETYPE'S,  
In the usual artistic styles.

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The largest collection of Photographs of Statesmen, Divines, Poets, Literary and Military Men, to be seen in the World. Also, on exhibition, the largest collection of Testimonials ever awarded to any Artist for Photographic productions.

PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
Gallery open till 9 P. M., for the free inspection of the public.

Mr. J. GURNEY, having thus presented his plans to the public, desires their approval for the success of his new establishment. Upon the foundation of these plans he expects to still further elevate the standard of Photography and its various branches. Combining all the imitative arts in his Gallery, with perfection of finish, delicacy of touch and a subduedness of color incomparable in its nature, he believes he can safely challenge the rivalry of any other establishment.

J. GURNEY,  
Photographic Artist,  
707 Broadway, N. Y.

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WE ANTICIPATE BY A FEW WEEKS OUR USUAL Winter reduction of prices, and this week offer the remainder of our stock of WINTER CLOTHING at a reduction of from

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and beg to call the attention of those of our friends who have not yet supplied themselves with our favorite styles of Winter Goods, to the reduction in price of the following well-known garments:

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A compound of COCOA-NUT OIL, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.

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It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.  
It is not greasy or sticky.  
It leaves no disagreeable odor.  
It softens the hair when hard and dry.  
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.  
It affords the richest luster.  
It remains longest in effect.

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A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by dealers generally. 155-162

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What gives the head a silken screen?  
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Nos. 517, 497 and 197 Broadway, N. Y. Pint bottles, 50 cents; half-pints, 30 cents.  
For sale at all Druggists. 158-1610

### THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER! THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER! THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER! THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER! THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!

#### PROSPECTUS FOR THE YEAR 1859.

The proprietor of the NEW YORK LEDGER is gratified at having it in his power to announce in his Prospectus for the new year—1859—that all the old popular and eminent writers of the LEDGER staff have been retained, and new ones added. Among the latter we are pleased to mention the name of the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, who is to furnish a series of articles, to be continued during the entire year, under the title of "THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS." For these articles alone we have already paid Mr. Everett (for the benefit of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association) the sum of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER we need only state the simple fact that its circulation is larger than that of any other TEN literary papers in the country. Its great success is owing to the facts that its proprietor secures the best writers in the country, and spares no expense in getting up the BEST FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its tales and sketches have gained for the NEW YORK LEDGER a position that no literary paper has ever before reached. We feel, and have always felt, since the LEDGER attained its immense circulation, that a heavy responsibility rests upon us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that ultimately we should receive the thanks of thousands and tens of thousands of families.

As to the future we are at a loss what to say. We prefer to PERFORM rather than to PROMISE. What we have heretofore done is known to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been, and is now, and must therefore judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that among the regular contributors to the LEDGER are

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, FANNY FERN,  
JOHN G. SAGE, MRS. SIGOURNEY,  
SYLVANUS COBB, JR., MRS. SOUTHWORTH,  
EMERSON BENNETT, ALICE CAREY,  
T. S. ARTHUR, EMMA ALICE BROWNE,  
WM. ROS WALLACE, SALLIE M. BRYAN,  
CARLOS D. STUART, MARY STANLEY GIBSON,  
COL. W. B. DUNLAP, AUGUSTA MOORE,

and many eminent Lawyers, Clergymen, Professors in Colleges, and others, who write for the LEDGER anonymously; and that our complete arrangements are such that the current expenses of the LEDGER are now, and will constantly be, at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

FACTS like these carry with them more weight than any comments that could be made, and comments will therefore be dispensed with. As we have already intimated, we shall leave promising to those who prefer to expend their force in that way, and content ourselves with doing what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and instructive FAMILY PAPER in the world.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER is published every Saturday, and sold at all the news-offices in every city and town throughout the country, and is mailed to subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies are sent for three dollars. Any person obtaining eight subscribers at \$1.50 each (which is our lowest Club rate), and sending us \$12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms invariably in advance.

The postage on the LEDGER to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance at the office where it is received, is only twenty-six cents a year. Canada subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription price of the LEDGER, to pay the American postage.

Subscribers must write their addresses, including the names of the place, county and State in which they reside, in a plain hand, so as to avoid mistakes.

No subscriptions are wanted from cities, large villages or other places where news-offices are permanently established.

All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to

ROBERT BONNER,

Proprietor of the New York Ledger,  
No. 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

N. B.—The number of the LEDGER dated January 1st, 1859, will be a good one for subscriptions to date from, as in that number the "MOUNT VERNON PAPERS," by the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, will be commenced. Mr. Everett's articles will be copyrighted, so as to prevent publication in any other paper. 1580

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